THE BYSTANDER
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NEW WEEKLY FEATURE: VARSITY NOTES

The BYSTANDER

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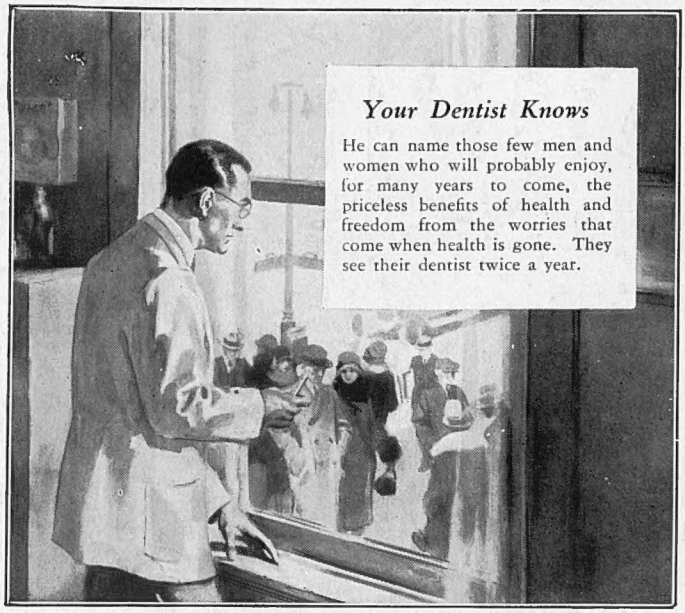

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The Bystander, May 11, 1927 No. 1221 Vol. XCIV

The BYSTANDER

"ON A CORRIDA DAY"

BY VAN ABBÉ

THE PROLOGUE TO SUMMER

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

A MARRIAGE IN THE NEW FOREST *F. A. Swaine*

A group taken after the wedding at Beaulieu Abbey Church of Lieut. Arthur Victor de Labalmondiere, R.N., and Miss Geraldine St. Maur Ingham, the only child of Brigadier-General C. St. Maur Ingham. The bridegroom is the only surviving son of the late Colonel J. A. de Labalmondiere

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The King and Queen at the Cinema

THE King and Queen's first engagement in the Season was a visit to a cinema, an event which has a significance, I think, in the making of film history, following, as it does, so closely upon the "command" presentation of *Ben Hur* at Windsor. All the experts tell us that we are only at the beginning of the possibilities of the film. Well, if *The Flag Lieutenant*, a British film which the King and Queen saw at the Marble Arch Pavilion, is only the beginning of possibilities, I wonder what those possibilities may be. It is the photographic version of that popular play of the same name by Lieut.-Colonel W. P. Drury and Major Leo Trevor, in which Mr. Cyril Maude delighted us for so long at The Playhouse. But the film, if it lacks something of the intimate life aboard ship which we had in the play, has an actuality impossible on the stage, and that is through the co-operation of the Admiralty. All you heard about in the play you see in the film—but brought up to date—battleships, destroyers, seaplanes, all used with masterly ingenuity to carry out the dramatist's story. A film of actuality, thanks to the Admiralty. The representation seen by the King and Queen was in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors, which does for all the marine benevolent institutions precisely what King Edward's Hospital Fund for London does for the hospitals.

AN ENGAGEMENT OF THE SEASON *British Illus.*

The Hon. Charles Fitzroy and his fiancée, Miss Margaret Drake, visited by the photographer in the garden of Paignton Vicarage, the residence of Miss Drake's father, the Rev. H. Mackworth Drake. Mr. Fitzroy is the only son of Lord and Lady Southampton

G.P.U.

A CATHEDRAL WEDDING

The Hon. John North with his bride, Miss Muriel Hicking, leaving Southwell Cathedral after their recent wedding. The bride is the younger daughter of Sir William and Lady Hicking, and the bridegroom is Lord and Lady Guilford's second son

The Opera

As night follows day so, for long years before you and I, very good people, arrived at that time of life when we had to pay our own bills, and long, long before the most elderly of us began to collect wrinkles, the first night of the Opera season has been the opening evening

function of the London Season following the day function of the Private View of the Academy.

This year the Opera season opened with a brilliance befitting what promises to be an especially brilliant Season. Princess Mary, with her parents-in-law, the Earl and Countess of Harewood, was in the royal box, and when the curtain rose on the *Rosenkavalier* there was not an empty seat in the house. The performance was as brilliant as the audience, and I have never heard the trio for the three sopranos at the end of the Third Act sung so exquisitely as it was by Lotte Lehmann

Central News.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS "DOWN UNDER"

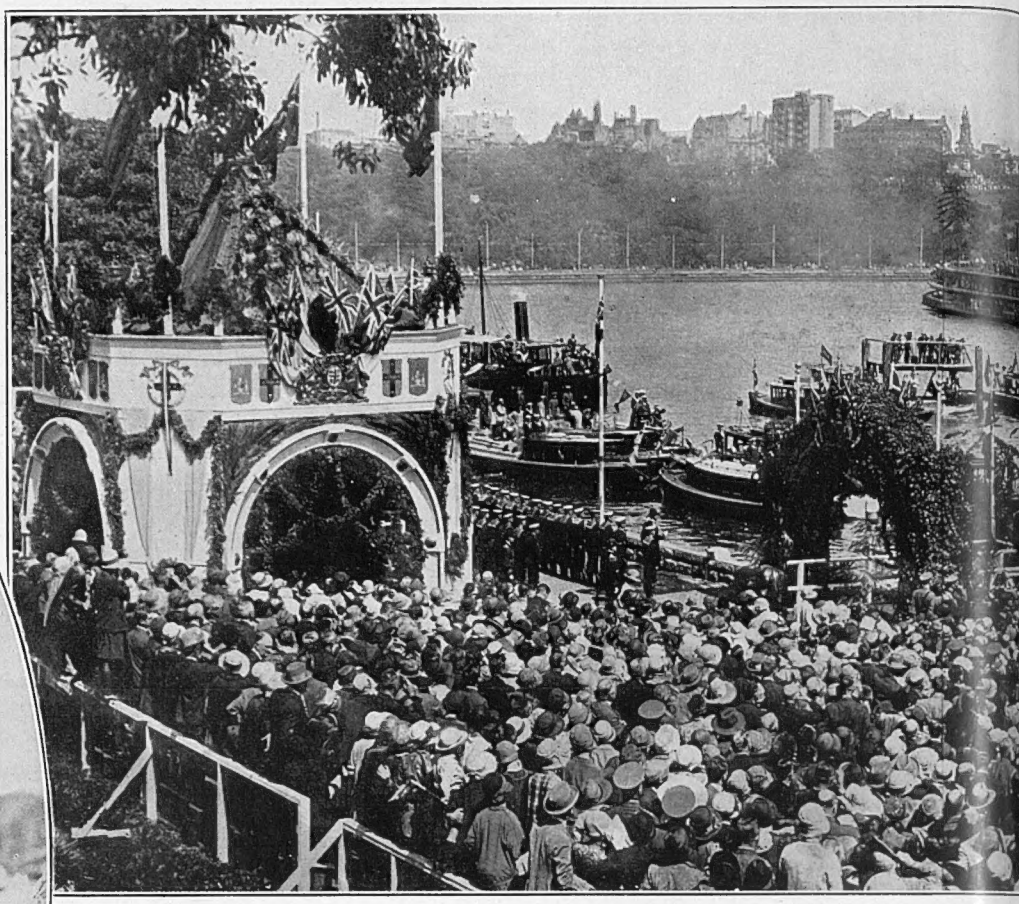
The Duke and Duchess of York photographed on the occasion of a welcome from a White Rose of York formed by school children. This was after Their Royal Highnesses' arrival at Sydney, where they were received with great enthusiasm

(the Feldmarschallin), Delia Reinhardt (Oktavian), and Elisabeth Schumann (Sophie).

Judging by the opening night the prevailing shingle will have a decided effect on what used to be called "tiara nights." Tiaras were few and far between, and then only worn by the elderly. Practically all the sleek, well-groomed heads of the younger women were unadorned, although here and there one saw a glittering bandeau.

Peeresses in Parliament.

THOSE peeresses in their own right, and those who support them in their claim to sit in the House of Lords, have not sat down quietly under the failure of their previous efforts. Viscount Astor has recently introduced into the House of Lords an amended form of the Peeresses



THE ROYAL ARRIVAL

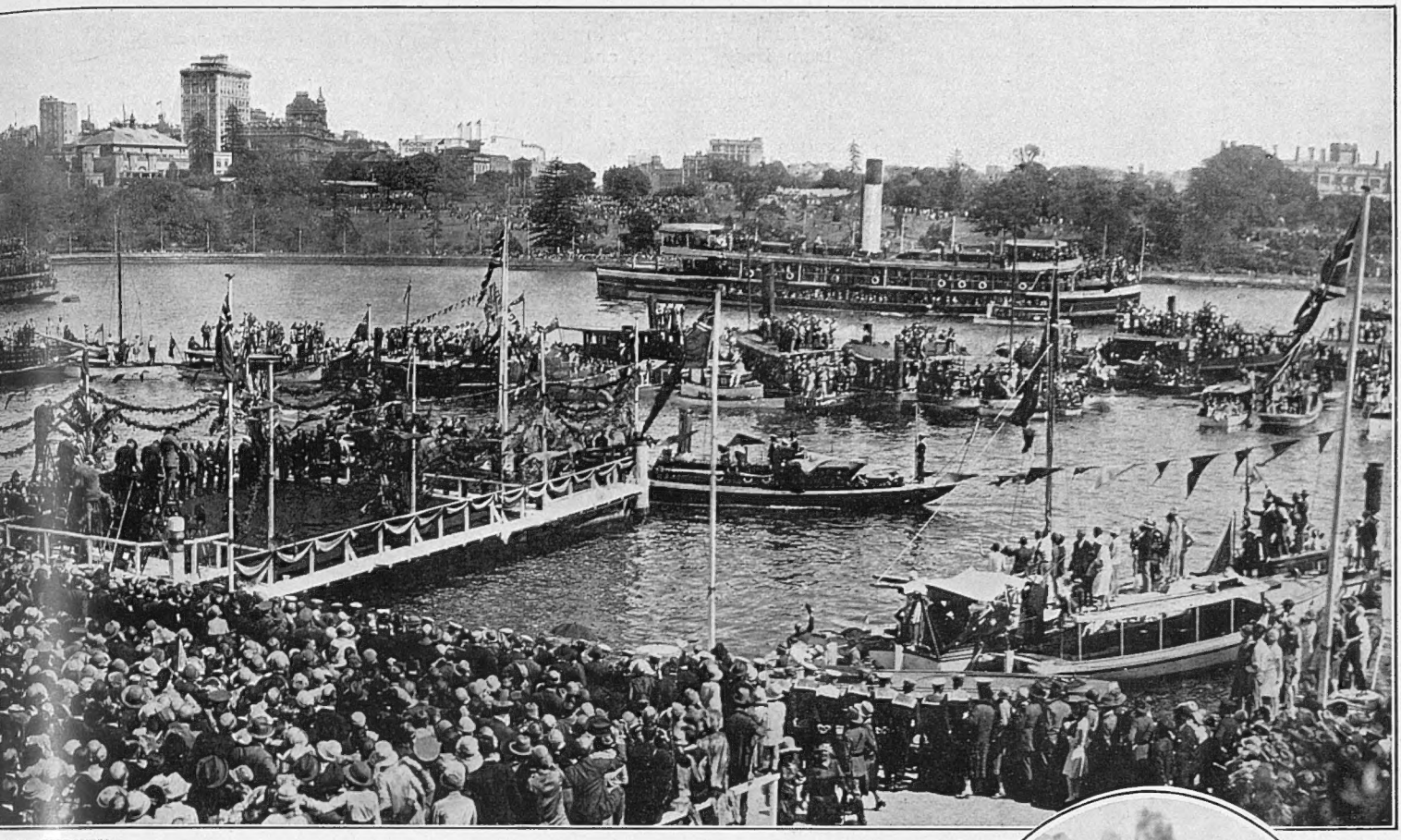
A panoramic photograph of the famous Sydney Harbour on the occasion of the arrival of The Duke and Highnesses, and the harbour itself was thronged with a flotilla of launches and small craft packed with It is not known whether the Duke and Duchess were confronted with the inevitable

Bill which seeks "to enable peeresses in their own right to sit and vote in certain cases in the House of Lords." Under this Bill peeresses in their own right would not become automatically entitled to a seat and vote in the Upper House.

One of the clauses runs: "His Majesty may direct that a peeress in her own right (not being a peeress of Scotland or of Ireland) shall during her life be summoned by writ to Parliament, and any peeress receiving a writ of summons, by virtue of such a direction of His Majesty shall be entitled to sit and vote in the House of Lords." The new Bill, which comes up

A NEW NAVAL CHIEF *Photopress*

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden photographed with his wife and family in the grounds of his Sussex home. He has succeeded Lord Beatty, who is retiring, as a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty and Chief of the Naval Staff



AT SYDNEY

Sport and General

Duchess of York. As will be seen by the picture, large crowds assembled to welcome Their Royal eager spectators, while the sun gave an additional warmth to Australia's welcome to the Royal visitors. question from Sydney: "What do you think of our harbour?"

for a second reading on June 21, meets the objections raised during debates on previous Bills that the letters patent of certain peeresses specifically exclude them from the House of Lords, and that a Bill which ignored that fact would infringe the Royal prerogative.

I wonder what will happen.

The Prince and the "Shires"

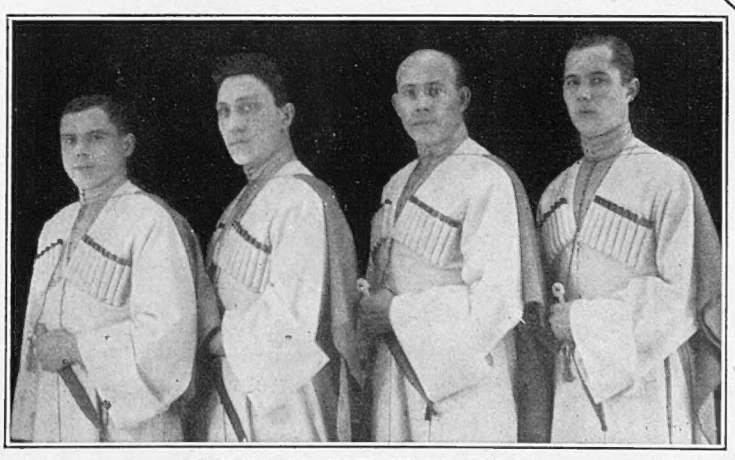
EACH generation of the Royal Family has had its own predilection for some particular district or part of the country. The first three Georges all had a great liking for the region of the Thames, Georges I and II especially favouring Hampton Court and Richmond, where the latter built White Lodge. George III was devoted to Kew and Bushy, infinitely preferring the small house now in Kew Gardens to the splendours of Windsor. George IV had a passion for Brighton, which he perpetuated in the Pavilion, that monstrosity in architecture which never had its equal except in a pantomime.

Queen Victoria divided her affections between Scotland and the Isle of Wight, King Edward preferred Norfolk to all other places, a preference in which he has been followed by the King. The Prince of Wales clearly has a great liking for the Melton Mowbray district, since he was heard to say recently that now he had a farm in that region he would be able to go there in the summer as well as for the hunting in the winter.

The Late Viscount Cowdray

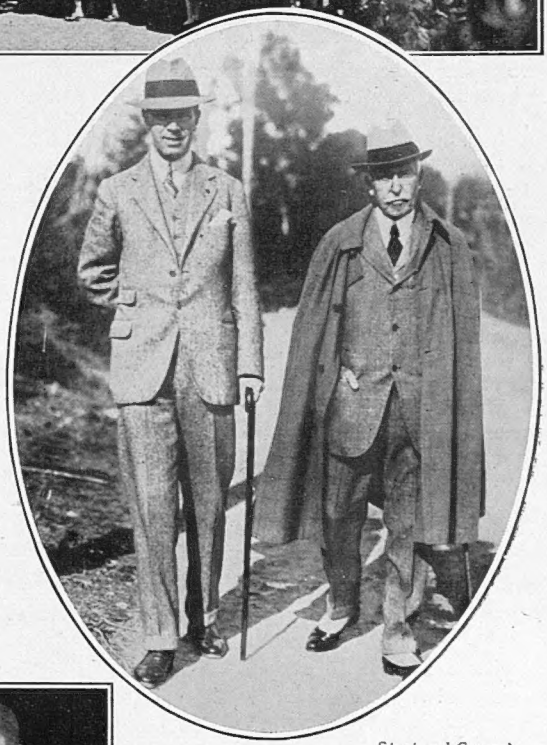
THE late Viscount Cowdray was an example of the national wisdom which, in contradistinction to the system followed on the Continent, has never kept the peerage a closed and magic circle where none might be, or enter, except those of noble birth. In practically every reign the best elements in wealth, industry, and intellect have been assimilated into our peerage, with the result that the order has become one of the strongest supports of the monarchy.

In Germany or Austria, under the old Imperial *régime*, Lord Cowdray might have been given a title, but he and his family would never have been admitted to that circle of nobility the equivalent to our peerage. That was closed to all those who did not possess the necessary number of "quarterings," no matter what their talent or the services they had rendered their country. Happily for us such men as Lord Cowdray receive the highest recognition the Monarch and the country can bestow, and are able to hand



SINGERS OF NOTE FROM RUSSIA

A photograph of the Don Quartet, who are making such a striking success in England in part singing. They are four Russian gentlemen, of whom three were originally on General Denikin's staff, and all four have undergone the greatest vicissitudes on account of the Revolution



Sport and General

ROYALTY AT CAP FERRAT

H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught photographed with his son-in-law, The Crown Prince of Sweden, taking a morning walk at St. Jean, Cap Ferrat. The Duke of Connaught is now back in England

Central News

VICTORY TO THE YOUNG

Miss Phyllis Strohmenger (left) and Miss Barbara Strohmenger with two of their Irish Wolfhounds, Gabriel and his son, King of Coral, at the Ladies' Kennel Association Show. The son took three firsts but, as the song has it, "Poor Poppa poor Poppa, he got nothing at all"

on to their succeeding generations the honours they themselves have won.

Lord Cowdray was a remarkable man—in fact, one of the most remarkable men in his own line. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to the engineering firm founded by his grandfather, Samuel Pearson. At nineteen he became a partner. Until then, both under his father and his grandfather, the work of the firm had been confined entirely to the North of England. The young man had different views, and it was under his engineering genius that S. Pearson and Son became one of the biggest contracting firms in the world. At the outset the risks were enormous, but he took them with a high courage that led to success and an enormous fortune. At thirty-eight he became a baronet, receiving his barony of Cowdray sixteen years later. His viscountcy of Cowdray was conferred in 1917.

Wide Acres and Generosity

It was always considered that Lord Cowdray had a strong belief in the future of land, for at a time when everybody was selling he bought extensively, both in Sussex and in Scotland. His first property was Paddockhurst, near Worth, in Sussex, which had formerly belong to Mr. Whitehead, the inventor of the torpedo. Then he bought Cowdray Park from the Earl of Egmont, and handed over Paddockhurst to his eldest son, the Hon. Harold Pearson.

After stripping the historic ruins of the ivy with which they were covered and restoring and preserving them as far as possible, Lord Cowdray exchanged the house with his son for Paddockhurst. There is a fine polo ground at Cowdray, and for years past one of the features of Goodwood has been the polo there every afternoon after the racing is over. Hundreds of people used to be entertained at tea.

Next, Lord Cowdray bought Parham Park, also in Sussex, from Lady Zouche, and made it the home of his second son, the Hon. Clive Pearson. He added to his Sussex property by buying an estate near East Grinstead.

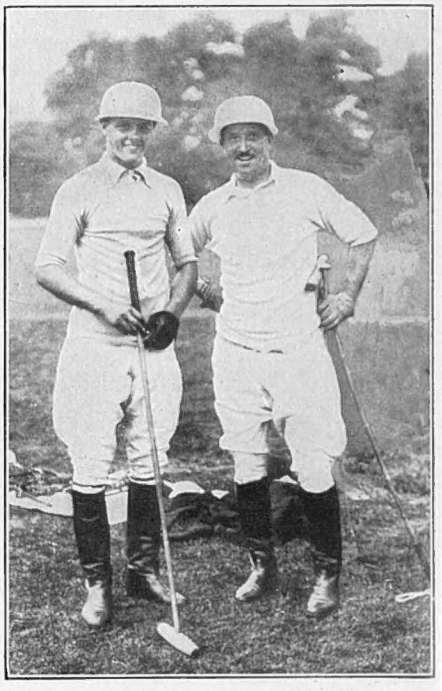
His purchases of property in Scotland were even more extensive. First came Dunecht House—where he died—near Aberdeen, followed by Castle Fraser, Dunnottar Castle, the Forest of Birse, the Raemuir estate near Banchory, and the Kirkville estate at Skene. Besides all this purchase of property, Lord Cowdray's benefactions to Aberdeen alone amount to something like £100,000.

A GOOD SUBJECT *L. N. A.*

Mrs. Lewis with Myethe, her Borzoi, which, having won two seconds and a third at the Ladies' Kennel Association Show, smiles obligingly for the photographer. If the awards had been firsts, the smile would doubtlessly have been of Cheshire Cat-like dimensions

A Country Wedding

A charming wedding recently took place at Greenford in Middlesex, when Sir George and Lady Thurston's only daughter, Miss Phyllis Thurston, was married to Mr. Edward Lacy. The bride is in the unusual position of being the only girl in a family of eight. Her father, Sir George Thurston, is the Naval Director of Messrs. Vickers, and apart from the all-important work he did in naval construction during the War, has been responsible for the design and construction of war-



Quick Pictures

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Lieut.-Colonel S. A. Casares and his son, Mr. S. M. Casares, who played for El Palomar against the Royal Horse Guards in the semi-final of the Ranelagh Fortnightly Cup. The Blues, who received three goals, were beaten by 5 to 4

IN WINNING VEIN *I. B.*

Mr. J. W. Osborne and Mrs. Osborne photographed with the Kildare Hunt Cup at the Punchestoun Races at Dublin. Having triumphed in the Kildare Hunt event for three successive years, the Cup now passes into his possession

I. B.

THE FIELD TAKING A JUMP IN THE GONE AWAY OPEN HUNTERS' HANDICAP

WITH THE AMATEURS AT LINGFIELD

A few glimpses of the recent United Hunts meeting. A large attendance was the order of the day

LADY IRENE CUBITT and MRS. GUY LARNACH NEVILL

MRS. ALLAN DRUCE LEADING IN FLAPPER II (MR. ALLAN DRUCE UP), WINNER OF THE GONE AWAY OPEN HUNTERS' HANDICAP

vessels, battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and troopships for practically all the navies of the world. The marriage took place from Greenford Hall, where Sir George and Lady Thurston live.

A Russian Quartet

OUTSIDE, a garden all a-blow with daffodils and aubretia and trees powdered thickly with the fresh green of bursting leaves, a typically English garden. Inside, a panelled drawing-room, also typically English, and four men singing in perfect harmony, and unaccompanied, wild, haunting, tender, and stirring Russian songs. The contrast between the songs and the setting in which they were sung was eloquent of the change brought to the singers' fortunes by the revolution in Russia. They are now known as the Don Vocal Quartet. They all served with distinction in the War, and later in the army of General Wrangel. Then came flight from Russia after being stripped of everything they possessed. Chance brought them together in Paris, and they formed themselves into this quartet, singing in small *cafés* and restaurants. Chance again helped them. They were heard singing in some out-of-the-way *café*, with the result that they are now appearing at the Piccadilly Hotel. On May 13 they are giving a concert at the Æolian Hall. I have never heard more perfect part singing. You certainly should not miss hearing it.

The Friends of the Poor

I AM asked to remind you that the annual ball in aid of the Friends of the Poor, which is being organised by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke and Lady Glenconner, takes place at Eresby House, lent by the Earl of Ancaster, on May 19. The tickets are two guineas each, and can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.6.

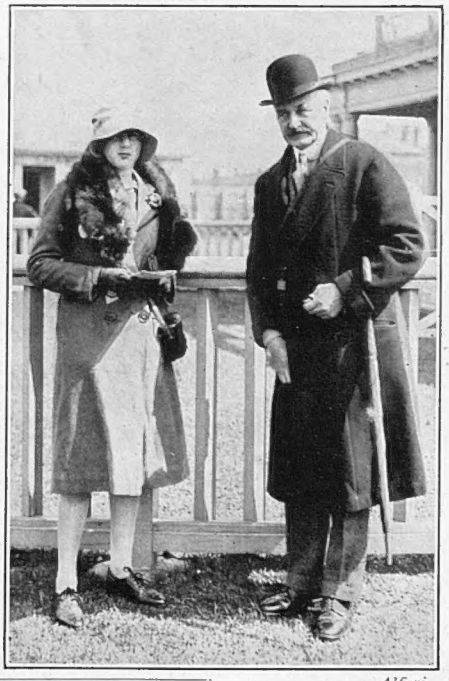
Motor Life Boats

THE Royal National Lifeboat Institution is trying to provide a motor lifeboat service all round the coast, and I hope the variety matinée last week at the Lyceum, which was arranged by the Ladies' Lifeboat Guild, and at which Princess Mary was present, brought in a goodly sum, as the house was practically full. Mlle. Delysia, Miss Marjorie Clarke - Jervoise, Miss Marie Dainton, and the Savoy Orpheans were on the programme, and Miss Gwen Ffrangçon Davies and Mr. John Gielgud did the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. In the afternoon Sir Godfrey Baring, the chairman of the committee of management, told us that each motor lifeboat costs £12,000.

Photographs

CAPTAIN and MRS. STIRLING-STUART

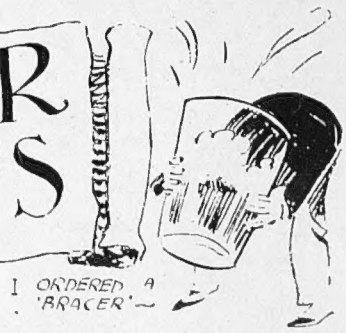
WITH THE CAMERA AT THIRSK SPRING MEETING

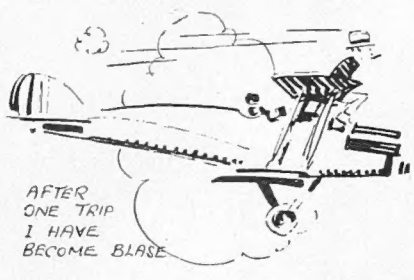


Alfieri

LORD SOUTHAMPTON and THE HON. ISMAY FITZROY

BYSTANDER COMMENTS





The First Time

I HAVE just made my first trip in an aeroplane. I motored from Charles Street to Croydon, stepped into a cabin with accommodation for twenty passengers, sat in an armchair, called the waiter, ordered a "bracer," looked out of the window—and there was London stretching below like a contour map.

Gold and Silver

I DON'T propose to give you a catalogue of my sensations on taking the air for the first time. If it hadn't been the first time there would have been no sensations to catalogue. If you have travelled in the Golden Arrow train from Calais to Paris, you know what it feels like to reach the French capital in one of the new Silver Wing air liners. There is really very little difference, once you are accustomed to the novelty of the setting.

A Bit of a Thrill

BUT the first time is always the first time, and the most mundane matters are tinged with the spirit of adventure on a first acquaintance. That first day at school; that first day in a new club or officers' mess; that first appearance in a witness-box; that first ride to hounds; that first day with the snipe in Ireland! I can imagine that a lion-tamer gets a bit of a thrill at least once in his career, and it is on record that Christopher Columbus found that a trip to America can be fraught with possibilities.

Broke to Flying

AIR travel, under modern conditions, is, on closer acquaintance, a most ordinary thing, and the sooner this fact is recognised the better for the great new industry in which Britons are leading the way. After one trip I have become *blasé* to a point verging on boredom. If you doubt me, go to Croydon and take a trip over London on one of these fine evenings. It will cost you a couple of pounds, and you will get great value for your money. You will find that you have been "broke" to a safe and speedy means of transit—as safe as a train, as speedy as a racing car, and quite as ordinary as either.

Some Surprises

I HAVE been getting quite accustomed to New Zealanders during the last few days. In the first place I ran into Tom Lowry, skipper of the cricket team that hopes to take toll of our English counties. I hadn't met him since the old Cambridge days, and it was a happy reunion, during which I wished him on behalf of THE BYSTANDER all the luck in the world. The visitors do not expect to set the Oval gasometers on fire, but there will be some surprises before they hit the long trail that leads to home.

A Wandering Minstrel

MY second New Zealander was a real live poet who is paying his passage by the sale of his wares. He paddles his poetic merchandise after the fashion of the ancient troubadours, and the verses

left at my door by this wandering minstrel read as follows:—

If I stayed long
From the sun and sky,
The light within me
Would weary and die.

Aid I must have
For all I'm worth
From the beams untrammelled
That brought me forth.

The Glories of the Game

I suggest to Mr. Walter D'Arcy Cresswell, the poet in question, that he should attach himself as Poet in Ordinary to Mr. Lowry and his merry men. Since the death of the late Mr. Craig, the cricket fields of England have lacked a singer to hymn the glories of the game, and it would be only right and proper that the mantle of the Surrey rhymester should fall upon the shoulders of a New Zealander during the coming season. Mr. Cresswell may not read these lines, and so I rely upon any Bystander who may meet him in the course of his poetic peregrinations to pass on the suggestion for what it is worth.

Votes for Flappers

My most amiable vice is a weakness for amateur productions of Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and you can tell how badly this particular bug has bitten me when I say that I journeyed out to a place called Eltham to enjoy a performance of *Iolanthe*. It must be very difficult to produce this political travesty without including a reference to Votes for Flappers, but the amateurs of Eltham achieved the feat, and Sir W. S. Gilbert had no reason to turn in his grave in consequence. And yet I almost regretted the veneration prompting this self-denial. What a burlesque *Iolanthe* might become if the Lord Chancellor were allowed to have his fling!

His Maiden Story

Now that Lord Dewar has become a member of the Jockey Club I am wondering what his maiden story will be. There is no one living who can pour out epigrams in the same constant flow, and where they all come from I cannot imagine. Lord Dewar has stated that he would not finance a theatrical entertainment, but he might be induced to become part author of a revue that would, I am sure, prove an excellent investment. I hope he will consider the suggestion, and set aside "one per cent. on the gross" for the idea.

A Word for the Bookie

Will the introduction of the Totalisator result in the extinction of that jolly fellow, the Bookmaker? During a visit to South Africa I found both these rival organisations working in complete harmony, but in other countries the gentlemen of loud voices and louder checks are conspicuous by their absence. Before it is too late, I propose to put in a word for the bookie. He is certainly picturesque. His comments on the success of the fourth consecutive favourite are apt to be forceful and free. On open courses I have seen him run faster than any two-year-old in training—even while carrying the weight of my money!

Manners and Morals

I am interested to see what effect Mr. Cochran's production of *One Dam Thing After Another* at the Pavilion will have upon the manners and morals of the Press. Mr. Cochran, at the moment of writing, still adheres to my suggestion that the Press should not sit in judgment on a new show until it has had a chance of getting into its stride. I trust he will continue so to adhere. Mr. Cochran also wants the newspapers to introduce a swear word into their impeccable paragraphs. Some papers still refuse to permit contributors to swear at their readers—naughty, naughty Mr. Cochran.

By David Wilson

IN THE "CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE"—"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD"

A Nude Departure

Each new exhibition at Burlington House takes on a special character of its own. One year it is dominated by a problem picture, and then a Royal group will come along, swamping all other exhibits. But the Academy has kept abreast of the times, and the neap tide of nudity that set from Paris to New York has sent little waves eddying down the respectable by-ways of Piccadilly, with the result that this year's show is likely to rival any successful cabaret of the past decade.

The Late Stanley Harris

A movement is on foot to perpetuate the memory of that very fine sportsman, S. S. Harris, and the form it will take is a scholarship from one of his old schools to his old college, Pembroke, Cambridge. Stanley Harris numbered friends and admirers by the thousand, and the appeal for funds should find a ready response, particularly when it is endorsed by the list of names accompanying the letter that lies before me. I have no space for them all, but donations may be sent to the hon. treasurer, Lady Corcoran, 62, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7.

VARSITY NOTES

OXFORD

THE daily Press has already informed the world that Oxford is back at its usual task—that of providing gossip for the London newspapers. Seemingly it is for their benefit that Oxford exists, and for the next eight weeks the long-suffering Varsity horse must endeavour to go through such paces as are expected of it by intelligent editors—though of such there exists only one, as you may have guessed! Our paces which call forth most rounds of popular applause are, of course, "rags" and sport; and the great British public, upon whose limitations the sun never sets, would no doubt regard a decrease in the quantity of street fights as a more certain proof of Oxford's decadence than a decline in the quality of our performances against Cambridge. While five hundred windows can still be broken in one night there remains some hope for us; and only when the Press reporter will find no copy will London believe us to be wholly degenerate. And that THE BYSTANDER should now begin a series of Oxford notes is a far more hopeful sign than a successful boat race would be that there is life in the old horse yet.

A carefully trained eye will now observe that the trees in Oxford are in a condition which poets would describe as blooming, and for the past few days the University has been straining its ears for the first sound of the cuckoo. The strain has been great, and is telling visibly upon the devoted husbands among our professors. The seafaring traditions of our race have also displayed themselves in the number of punts and canoes which may be observed in the navigation of our streams; though as yet observation might be sufficient to upset them in their course.

The other day Lord Cave, the Chancellor, opened the new buildings at St. Edmund's Hall. These contain a library, a bursary and a bathroom—those traditional pivots of student life. An official inscription has been placed upon the mediæval cell recently discovered in the Quad. Others, less official, are expected to follow in due course.

A deputation from the Union Society recently visited the Union at Cambridge to debate whether the salt of the earth has lost its savour. The Oxford men selected were Playfair Pryce (the president), Aubrey Herbert and Shackleton Bailey; and all three are understood to be keen members of the Mustard Club. The Cambridge orators did their best to supply the pepper.

The Hebdomadal Council is still at work in the hope of deciding whether or not to limit the number of women students. *The Observer* reminds us that its finger is as firmly as ever upon the pulse of the University when it reports that everyone hopes the dispute will not degenerate into a quarrel. Wigs on the floor of the council chamber are so much less picturesque than wigs on the green; though I need hardly say that such a consideration would carry no weight with such chivalrous protectors of the rights of women as the philogynist professors have always shown themselves to be. I must really leave off now, but I will write home again next week if anyone likes to send me a book of stamps, as I have finished all my own. J. H.

Stearn and Sons

E. W. DAWSON

The Captain of the Cambridge University Cricket Club

THE OXFORD SKIPPER

E. R. T. Holmes, who Captains the Oxford University Cricket Club

CAMBRIDGE

MY first letter to you seems to have coincided with the arrival of summer in Cambridge. Here we measure summer, not by the first notes of the Lesser Chiff-Chaff, or even by the voice of the ice-cream man heard in the land, but by the arrival of the first American visitor. Yesterday I saw him in King's Parade. Summer—I guessed it immediately—is here.

Soon they will be pouring in. The mournful guides who wait outside the Senate House will become a little less melancholy at the approach of business, and college courts will ring with the voices of Poughkepsie and Oklahoma. I hope they like our Campus. But we shall not be there. We shall be on the river. No matter how eccentric we are the rest of the year, everybody goes down to the river in the summer, and a May Term is mostly a punt, a gramophone and the Backs. Sometimes strong men venture as far as Byron's Pool, but that is gross energy. If Byron really used to row all that way in summer, it was a far, far nobler thing than merely swimming the Hellespont. Some of us, however, are agitating the local stream in a quite different manner, for all the colleges have boats out now practising for the Mays. It is much too early, of course, for the crews to be properly settled down, and besides, the Magdalene Pairs this week and the Lowe Double Sculls next week would disturb any settled order. The C.U.B.C., incidentally, has now got its new officers elected. S. K. Tubbs, having celebrated his boat-race victory by getting engaged to be married, has retired into the comparative obscurity of mathematics, for behind his Leander blazer there beats a mathematical heart. John Bell, who would ordinarily have become President, is going back to Australia at the end of the Michaelmas Term and cannot take office. (I enclose you a picture of him feeling rather sick at the prospect of leaving the good old Cam.) The Goldie Boathouse next year will be hardly what it was without his Wild West sombrero and bright pink shirt.

The new President is J. C. Holcroft, of Pembroke, who rowed in the Radley eight at the precocious age of sixteen. Rumour has it that he was only saved from Oxford by failing five times in "Smalls." To think what consequences hang upon the merest trifles! The new secretary is "Robin" Elles, of Marlborough and

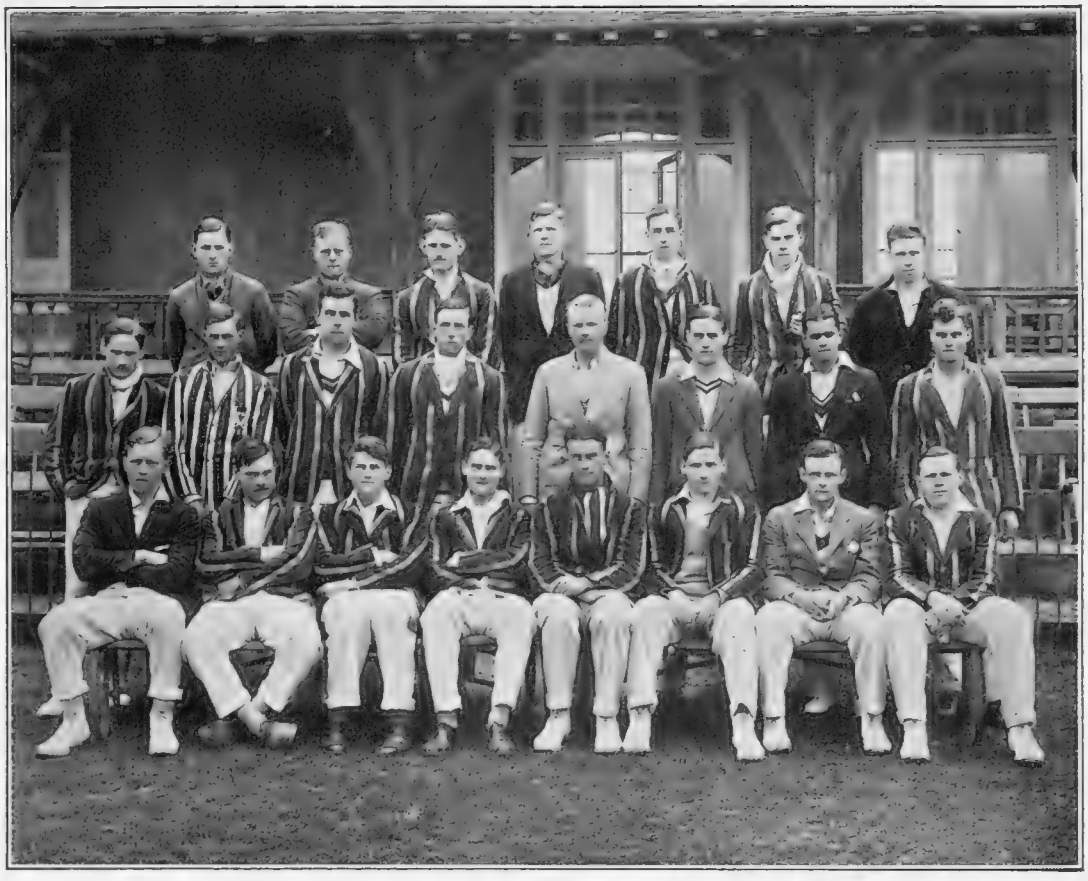
the Hall. He stroked one of the Trial Eights this year and then the Varsity crew. Considering that he is only in his second year and was not at a rowing school, his career as an oar has been pretty hectic.

Cricket, under E. W. Dawson, has of course begun, but there are many balls to be bowled at Fenner's before the University match, and it is too early to say much of our prospects.

By Jock

J. B. BELL.

The Cambridge Rowing Blue, who would be the new President. He is, however, returning to Australia



Hills and Saunders

THE SENIORS' GAME AT OXFORD

The combined teams photographed in the Parks. The names are—back row: R. L. Sykes (left), A. P. Bowley, L. R. Percival, J. E. G. Rowland, J. Barnby, P. G. E. Nash and J. W. G. Hume. Middle row: J. C. Butterworth (left), D. S. Milford, J. E. Tew, D. M. Bateman, T. B. G. Welch, T. A. Pilkington, J. A. de Silva and C. E. Awdry. Front row: G. O. M. Taylor (left), Lord Hyde, R. H. Horsley, D. G. Stewart, L. R. Serrurier, R. E. C. Butterworth, C. E. Frazer and E. Snell

Stearn and Sons

THE SENIORS' GAME AT CAMBRIDGE

The combined teams photographed at Fenner's. Back row: E. M. Smythe, J. G. Tomlinson, G. N. Paxton, W. F. Mackenzie, G. W. Pomeroy, G. W. O. Smith. Second Row: G. O. Brooks, H. L. Heussey, A. M. Morgan, G. R. R. Brown, T. E. Tweed, K. D. Gibson, W. W. Sargant. Sitting: J. G. Wagener, R. H. Cobbold, N. G. Wykes, R. S. Machin, M. J. C. Allom, E. F. Longrigg, T. C. Longfield, A. K. Judd. In front: W. K. Harbinson, G. Carnegie-Browne

By Mac

W. H. POWELL

Cambridge are fortunate in having this brilliant player still with them. He Captains the C.U.L.T.C.

At present, it is safer to be mildly optimistic in the best University manner. More, my dear Bystanders, you will be told next week.

RAB.

A FEATURE OF SUMMER

The issue of June 1 will be a

DOUBLE SUMMER NUMBER

at the usual price of

ONE SHILLING.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Sketches by "THE TOUT"

The "Tote" as a Stunt

I AM sorry to observe that in one or two places the question of the introduction of the Totalisator to the English Turf is being made a sort of newspaper stunt. I assume that those who are working this stunt have the idea that they are backing a winner. They imagine, in other words, that their card is well marked and that before long the "tote" will become an accomplished fact in this country. Then they will be able to say, "I told you so." It is my impression, however, that our system of racecourse betting will not undergo such a revolutionary change for some time to come. I do not deny that totalisator betting can claim a number of advantages, but it will also have many drawbacks for those who are accustomed to betting under the existing conditions in England.

What of the Bookies?

I DEPRECATE these flippant, light-hearted talks of bringing in the "tote," in that the introduction of the machine would cause a great deal of distress among many people who derive their livelihood from racing. I refer in particular to the bookmakers and to the hundreds of people whom they employ. These will be wiped out of their present line of business if the "tote" should be installed. Some people will say: "Why shed a tear over the possible fate of the bookmakers? They can surely be depended upon to look after themselves." I suggest that this is a wrong attitude for racing people to take up. All of us regard the bookmakers as our natural enemies, but only in a financial and friendly sense. The bulk of them are really good fellows, and I should be sorry to see the day when it will be impossible for them to make a living out of racing. I doubt if that side of the question has ever been considered by those who are blatantly insisting on the early introduction of the totalisator.

Public Feeling

IT is claimed that the majority of racing people would welcome its arrival in this country. I am not so sure that this opinion is justified. My own view is that the average racing man would rather bet with the "bookie" than with the "tote." This notion is strengthened by my experiences on foreign racecourses, where the Pari-Mutuel and the bookmakers were operating side by side. I found in those cases that the Mutuel booths were comparatively deserted, whereas the layers of the odds were doing a thriving business. It is being suggested in many quarters that licensed bookmakers should be allowed on our racecourses as well as the totalisator. I am strongly in favour of that proposition, but I fear it would make the proceeds of the machine disappointing. The layers would have to be heavily taxed if the necessary revenue from betting was to be forthcoming.

A Turn of Luck

IT was inevitable that the Whatcombe stable would be getting into its stride before long. It is strange that an establishment composed of so many costly horses should have failed to score in the first six weeks of the season. I am afraid R. C. Dawson was getting a little bit worried about the temporary ill-success of his horses, though as a fact he had run very few whom he seriously expected to win. The change of luck came last week with the Chester Cup, and I am delighted to be able to congratulate the Aga Khan and his trainer on having broken the ice with such a substantial success. The only regret I have is that it should have been gained with a colt who was not bred in this country. It is certainly a trifle disturbing to English breeders to find that the first three horses in the Chester Cup were all bred on the other side of the Channel. Curiously enough, "Dick" Dawson considered himself exceedingly unfortunate last year not to have won this race for the Aga Khan with Vermilion Pencil. He thinks that horse would certainly have scored if his jockey, Gordon Richards, had not been seriously indisposed at the time he took the ride. Well, the victory of Dark Japan comes as handsome consolation for all that. The colt is such a good stayer that he will possibly have to be reckoned with in some of the big long-distance weight-for-age races.

French Colt and Derby Chance

IT is rather an uncomfortable thought, but I fear we shall soon have to be seriously considering whether the Derby this year will not be won by a French stable. At the moment of writing I am uncertain whether Señor E. Martinez de Hoz intends to send his colt Mon Talisman to Epsom, but there is every encouragement for him to do so. The two races contested by this colt so far this year were carried off by him in most impressive fashion, and it is quite possible that he will prove to be the best of his age in France, where he is in the able hands of Frank Carter. You must know that Mon Talisman is of English pedigree, his sire being Craig an Eran and his dam the Lemberg mare Ruthene. The fact that the four leading colts in the Two Thousand Guineas finished so closely together suggests that our best three-year-olds may not prove invulnerable to a strong French attack at Epsom. Probably further light on the prospects of the Derby will be thrown by the Newmarket Stakes on Wednesday. There is some talk of Call Boy being a competitor, and if this is the case I shall certainly not look beyond him for the probable winner. In his absence I give **Money Maker** a good winning chance. Even with Call Boy in the field Mrs. Chester-Beatty's colt should be worth an each-way bet, for he stays uncommonly well.

£200
DERBY & OAKS DOUBLE *(See page vi)*

An Anglo-American Wedding

Bassano

A group taken after the wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, of Mr. George Victor Troyte-Bullock, The Rifle Brigade, and Miss Dorothea Quigley, daughter of the late Mr. James Bruce Quigley and of Mrs. Quigley, of New York. In addition to the Bride and Bridegroom, the group includes Lord Garmoyle, who was best man, Mr. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, who gave away the bride, Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, the bride's sister, who acted as matron-of-honour, Master William Cavendish-Bentinck, the trainbearer, and the bride's mother, Mrs. Quigley

"SCARAMOUCHE" AT THE GARRICK

Produced April 18, 1927

W. Nichol Smith

"HE IS YOUR FATHER!"

The Comtesse de Plougastel (Marie Linden) breaks the news to her son, André-Louis Moreau (Martin Harvey), that the Marquis d'Azyr (Gordon McLeod), with whom he proposes fighting, is his father, thereby putting him badly off his stroke. Aline de Kercadiou (Margaret Swallow) and her father, Quinten de Kercadiou (Philip Hewland) are horrified spectators

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is barnstorming at its best, with all the elements that usually go to the making of a popular success, to say nothing of the Trafalgar Square touch designed to go straight to the hearts of the People. We are once more with the French Revolution of 1789 and thereabouts, a period which Sir John Martin Harvey has more than once recalled for us with brilliant success. The first scene is the garden of an inn where a young Abbé, Philippe de Vilmorin, is inveighing against the nobility in general, and the Marquis d'Azyr in particular. It seems that one of the People has been shot while poaching on the Marquis's land. Apparently, the poor fellow took a chance at ignoring the game laws of the period, and did not bring it off, and the Marquis is denounced accordingly.

LEST, however, the case against the Marquis should not have been made strong enough, so far, to warrant his being regarded as the villain of the piece, another distressing incident is presented to us which leaves us in no doubt that he is a very poor specimen of nobility indeed. Hearing that the talkative young Abbé is about to address a mass meeting on the subject of the sins of the aristocracy, the Marquis purposely insults the young man in terms that practically make a bit of a fight inevitable. The Abbé starts the proceedings by giving the Marquis a good hard slap; and then the Marquis, sadly ignoring the fact that his opponent is, by his order, uninstructed in the use of lethal weapons, demands satisfaction. All that the Abbé can do is to make a couple of feeble passes or so, and then he is badly skewered amidships, and dies after a very brief illness indeed.

A SCANDALISED witness of this dark deed has been a young man of unknown origin, André-Louis Moreau, the Abbé's very dear friend, a graceful impersonation by Sir John Martin Harvey, of whom to our regret we see too little in London nowadays. Moreau has no particular revolutionary tastes, but he now feels called upon to make a solemn vow to carry on his dead friend's work; and does it so successfully that we learn in the next Act that the People have avenged themselves by burning down the Marquis's house, and have all but done the sinful man in, personally. Nobody really approves of incendiarism, of course, as that is a more than usually silly way of making a Heaven upon earth. (More suggestive indeed of the other place.) But I think we are supposed to be on the side of the People in this play, so we give a noisy little cheer at the news of the destruction of the Marquis's property, coupled with a proper feeling of regret that he should have managed to make good his escape from the burning.

THE Second Act takes place in a barn where Moreau, now a fugitive with a price on his head, is hiding from the King's soldiery. There are the usual hairbreadth escapes, without which no romantic play is genuine. Finally, a company of strolling players come to the barn for shelter, and Moreau offers to join them to replace their absent comrade "Scaramouche," who, suffering from a surfeit of revolutionary teaching, has bolted with the treasury, amounting to a clear thirty francs or so. Further, Moreau promises that if he may join the company he will hire a proper theatre for them, and thus indemnify them for not giving him up to justice, and collecting the Reward offered for his body, dead or alive.

WE next see Scaramouche at the Feydeau Théâtre at Nantes. He is still looking for a chance to get even with the wicked Marquis in order to avenge the Abbé's death, and when he gets on the stage in front of the People he works into his

part a slashing piece of Hyde Park oratory which is not warranted by the book of the play. In spite of the protests of his manager and brother artists he carries on the good work from the centre of the stage. And then comes the big hit of the evening. By a quick change we become, as it were, the audience at the Théâtre Feydeau, with Scaramouche speechifying to us against the wicked Marquis, who, he points out, is even now sitting in one of the private boxes provided for his lordly kind. The Marquis promptly rises in his place and calls for the King's men; but when the men come to arrest Moreau the People rise from all around us, and scramble on the stage, and rescue him by sheer force of superior numbers. It is a fine, bustling scene, and naturally provokes a hurricane of applause as the curtain falls.

THEN three good years elapse. Citizen Moreau by reason of his services to the People's cause has been elected a member of the National Assembly. The Republic has been proclaimed, and the historical operation of copious blood-letting among the better classes has begun. In her imposing salon in Paris the Comtesse de Plougastel is waiting with two of her friends for a permit to pass through the People's lines in the very reasonable desire to escape the guillotine. All at once there is a noisy arrival at the door of the salon, and Duroc, a member of the local Republican Guard, strides in with a couple of soldiers, and begins by expectorating on the expensive carpet by way of showing the superiority of his manners over those of the mere aristocracy. As a matter of fact, from what we have read of the Revolutionists of the period, Duroc would appear, if anything, to have erred on the side of moderation.

DUROC has just decided to have the whole company arrested *en route* for the guillotine when Citizen Moreau nicely groomed, tri-coloured and cockaded, strides into the room and calls Citizen Duroc to heel amid loud applause from the house. The drama then moves swiftly. Moreau learns that the Comtesse is the mother he has never known, while the Marquis, whom he had looked forward to being able to knife in the course of a straight fight, proves to be his father. Furthermore, the girl who was to have married the Marquis expresses a clear and natural preference for Moreau himself, and the curtain falls on the nice prospect of everybody being able to escape the assassination by the good office of Citizen Moreau, otherwise known as Scaramouche.

SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY, who is able even to rant with charm, is as impressive and interesting as ever. Mr. Gordon McLeod, as the sinful Marquis, is every inch the haughty aristocrat of the period; while Mr. Eric Howard makes a brief but extremely able appearance as Citizen Duroc of the National Guard. Miss Margaret Swallow does all that is possible with the young and charming heroine of the piece, which may well be destined to be a popular success in these days when all our private property belongs by Divine Right to our improvident neighbours.

JINGLE.

THE PARIS SALON

By ROLAND ATKINSON

THE Grand Palais is a very large building, and it must be in this fact, more than in any other, that the artists of Paris see encouragement. In an edifice of such spacious dimensions —so must run their hopes—there is always a possibility of finding a corner. And that is why the ordinary spectator, who likes to browse about among paintings two or three times a year, finds the Salon more and more of an ordeal with every Spring that passes.

One cannot help but wonder if the Salon has not outgrown its best value now that it again combines the "Artistes Français" and the "Nationale," for there is so much on view that one is compelled to abandon any effort to locate and enjoy the best unless one has weeks to spare. After three or four hours one is too fatigued to do any more searching, and you just take a glance at what comes before your eyes, generally with disappointing results.

There are no fewer than six thousand six hundred exhibits, which means that if you only accorded one minute to each you would require a hundred and ten hours to complete the tour of the *salles*, and, moving at this pace, you would, after an hour or so, be almost in a state of collapse, and certainly unable to appreciate the qualities of the comparatively few good pictures you would come across among the mass of entirely undistinguished compositions.

"CREATING" A MODEL BY FARRÉ

Yet, simultaneously, the Salon des Tuileries is appealing for attention at the Palais de Bois with another three thousand exhibits. Where *do* all these artists come from?

So far as *the* Salon is concerned Parisians never look for any audacious innovations. This assembly of pictures is regarded as the refuge of all the traditions, especially, in the opinion of the very caustic Paris critics, those which are most to be deplored. It is largely an affair, therefore, of recording that such and such an artist is showing work similar to that which he exhibited last year, and the year before. The comments one hears are "honest," "sincere," and "*du métier du plus probe*," which is killing with faint praise indeed.

And one cannot help but be disturbed by the English translations, which are the worst I have ever come across in the whole of France, and that is saying a lot. *Femmes nues dans un parc* is presented as "Encovered women in the park," and *Fantaisie en robe du soir dans la forêt* as "Fantasy in nightgown in the forest."

BALADINS BY BÉFANI

LES NÉRÉÏDES BY BUSSIÈRE

CIRCÉ BY TOUSSAINT

SUEZ: BANK OF FRESH-WATER CANAL BY DU GARDIER

Paintings photographed by Vizzavona

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA

Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI

"I shall hesitatelessly hurl Hon. sub-Editors into the fray"

Most Dear Hon. Bystanders,

Almost I can scarcely suffice to unfurl my pen for rage and indignations. Not ever since I have depicted my so famous and world-wide commentings (at enormous and exclusive expenses) in Hon. Bystander, have I sustained to suffer the so deathly insultings which have now been flung to my head by the significantless, soiled and nameless print-rag called "The Investing Persons' Pictorial," as per follows:

"Our attentions have been drawn to a very shadeish and tameless-cat scheme called 'The Umboboe Lands and Developments Syndicate,' which a person name of Yogo Hama are striving to lucratively float for feathering his own pouch Saidly Hama (who poses himself to be a very prime explorings persons and celebrate *literati*) are non-doubtlessly a get-wealthy-quick person with not so much conscience as an ostrich or other digestless biped. We very strenuously warn our readers to not touch this investments bubble with even a pitch or other fork, because we shall swiftishly impuncture same and depict it to be not anything less as a frightful swindle to deprive of their hardishly-won savings, innumerous widows and other orphans. The man Hama are, we do not hesitate to suppose, a more great rogue as the late Hon. Bill Sikes and we are very astonish that a so eminent journal as Hon. Bystander should stoop itself to imprint puffs for this so bare-faced bucket-shopper. We shall maintain an ubiquitous eye on Hama who, we have tremendously good reasons to imagine, are 'wanted by Scotlands Yard' for more as several legitimateless crimes."

"'To not eat same are a very penal crime'"

This are an insultings which not anything but blood can desponge and I have inform Hon. Editor of Bystander to immediately challenge the ancestorless writer of these so wicked and truthless lies to a duel till death, because myself I should completely non-deign to soil my sword with the ignoble gore of a so utter scoundrel as this non-literate depicter of scandal and other honourableless mongerings. If Hon. Bystander Editor are foulishly slayed, I shall hesitatelessly hurl Hon. sub-Editors into the fray and shall continue the slaughter if it even costs me to sacrifice the Bystander staff *in toto* (Latin) to the last woman and child. This shall cause "The Investing Persons' Pictorial" (which would soil a pair of tongs to touch because it are so corrupt and blackguardish) to see I are a person to not easily be trifled with or have the wind put up. I shall not demean my pen by further commentings on this non-hygienic rag, which not even

(*Continued on page 264*)

BY M. CMICHAEL

THE RUSSIAN NOTE

Our artist's impressions of some of the clever people who make Balieff's Chauve Souris the amusing and artistic show it is. It is housed at the Vaudeville Theatre

fumigatings could suffice to make non-poisonous, but decant some more pages from my epochal diary.

Feb. 14st.—Notwithstandingly the so kindish efforts of Hon. Chief of the Umboboes to secure me good slumberings in the royal rest-parlour, I was almost entirely nonable to repose. More as 1-ce, I discovered to find myself thinking of the fortuneless cooking-slaves being prepared for the pots so that we might have a good-feedings banquet. As I are a very non-carnivorous eating person, this caused me to suffer severeish stomach scruples till, all of a suddenly, an inspiration came to my head. With not a 2-nd's thought, I dragged from my mouth the artificial dentals which I keep there, and concealed same in the garments of my person. This, I bemused gleeishly, has saved me from the spikes of a dilemma, because a person cannot eat *Ragôut d'Esclaves* with not any molars to bite it with.

While I was thusly affording myself congratules for this so genius idea, the door opened and a tallish gent with a coat made of entirely enemy scalps, confronted my presence and dipped his head to the ground.

"O illustrious and noble-faced visitor, I have the so great honour to inform that dinner are served and kindly to step this way," he said.

I followed saidly person into a large banquetings hall, tasteishly hanged with skulls, scalps and other trophies of the chase. At the uppermost of a long table sat the Chief of the Umboboes in full eating regalia who rose to perform me greetings and beam his face at me.

"Have to so goodness, Mr. Hama, to sit by me so we may bandy conversations," he beguiled. "Kindly to try the *hors d'œuvre*. It are made of specially matured crocodile eggs laid down by my great-great grandfather. This are a very rare vintage and noted for its so uniqueish *bouquet*."

This proved itself to be very non-dubitably the fact and caused me to suffer some nervous apprehensions for more as several minutes.

"'This are a very rare vintage and noted for its so uniqueish *bouquet*'"

While eating our soup (*Consommé á l'Umboboe*), Hon. Chief requeshed to know if I had any more copies of Hon. BYSTANDER which, he informed, caused to produce him more stimulations than even a gal. of *bubblæ* which are an extremely A. 1 tonic fluid.

"Very alasly no," I responsed, "but perhapsly I could succeed to persuade Hon. Editor of same, who are a very personal friend and owes me some good deeds, to post you a copy per weekly C.O.D."

"This should put me underneath an enormous obligation, Mr. Hama. Could I not reciprocate your blessing in lieu or *pro rata*?"

"All so well then, Hon. Chief," I repopped, hit by another scintling inspiration, "you shall grant me in lieu and for good *quids pro quo*, exclusive rights to dig and export *oof* dust from your land and to also work the ivory mines."

"That are a deal!" he ejaculed. "I will cause my Hon. Solicitors to impen a document *re* concerning same, which they cannot fail to do at their peril. But here comes the *bon bouche*, the *Ragoût d'Esclaves*. To not eat same are a very penal crime and more as 2 or 5 persons have suffered immediate executions for committing that non-etiquette."

"Very non-luckishly, Hon. Chief, I have enjoyed the misfortune to lose my dentals," I responsed.

"O, that shall be remedied about more quickly as 2 tics. Hon. Medical person will measure your fittings and at 1-ce kill a slave with the same accommodations. We keep a patent brand of tooth-slaves which are specially prepared to supply the royal family and distinguished guests with molar fittings on the shortest demand," repopped Hon. Chief.

(Did I suffer to endure a 2-nd hand person's molars, and how of the ferocious battle of the Umboboes *v.* against the Hottentot Indians? On not any account miss to order my nextly blood-curdlish extractions.)

YOGO HAMA.

Central Press

ENTER COUNTY CRICKET

Macdonald, of Lancashire, bowling the first ball of the season to Kilner, of Warwickshire, who made 60 in the first innings. The smaller ball made its initial appearance in county cricket in this match played at Old Trafford

BY BATCHELOR

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR

"BUILDING

BY BARRIEAU

CASTLES"

BY W. S. HUITON

LE CAFÉ—AU PRINTEMPS

PARISIANA

By "René"

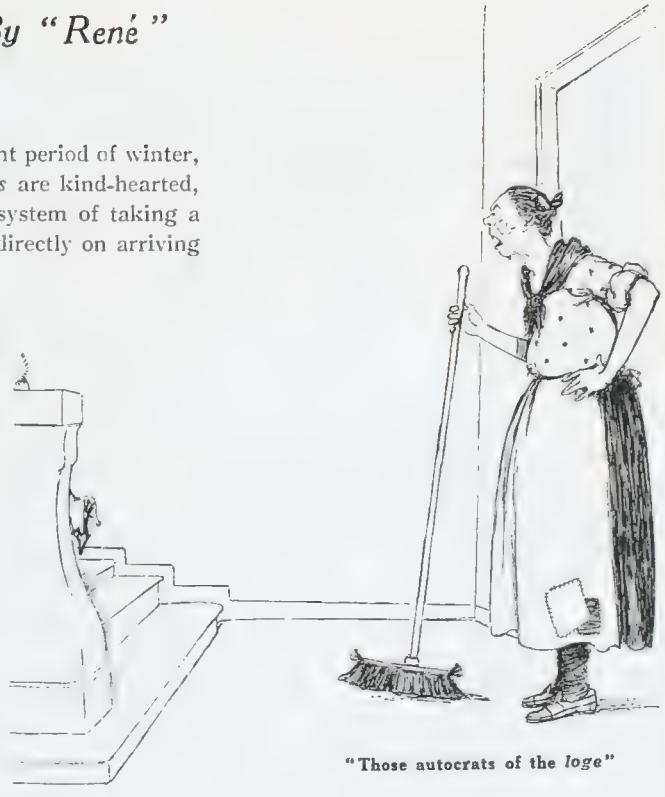
Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis,

This is the season of the year when the *concierges* of Paris, those autocrats of the *loge*, begin to garb themselves in their real and repulsive plumage. Contrary to the habits of other specimens which peck and sniff, they are adorned in their gayest colours during the winter-time, beginning about the later days of November and becoming ever more radiant until January First, which is the day of the annual *pourboire*—now of a size which should enable them to *boire* throughout the whole year.

Always providing that the *pourboire* has not been considered inadequate—which is immediately fatal—the radiance and the glow are maintained till about the time that the April *terme* has been comfortably passed, when the ugly grey feathers again obtrude and the far-reaching claws once more push out. This is the time to expect trouble—and few are disappointed. As witness the case of the well-known *artiste d'opérette*, whose name it is advisable to keep secret.

During the pleasant period of winter, when *concierges* are kind-hearted, she had adopted the system of taking a hot bath every night directly on arriving from the theatre, as conducive to the sleep which was a little erratic. And all was well until the date for the claws and the pecks arrived. Then the *concierge* turned off the water at the main as soon as the *locataire* had called her name on the staircase in the usual way. That is the sort of little tyranny a *concierge* loves to exercise.

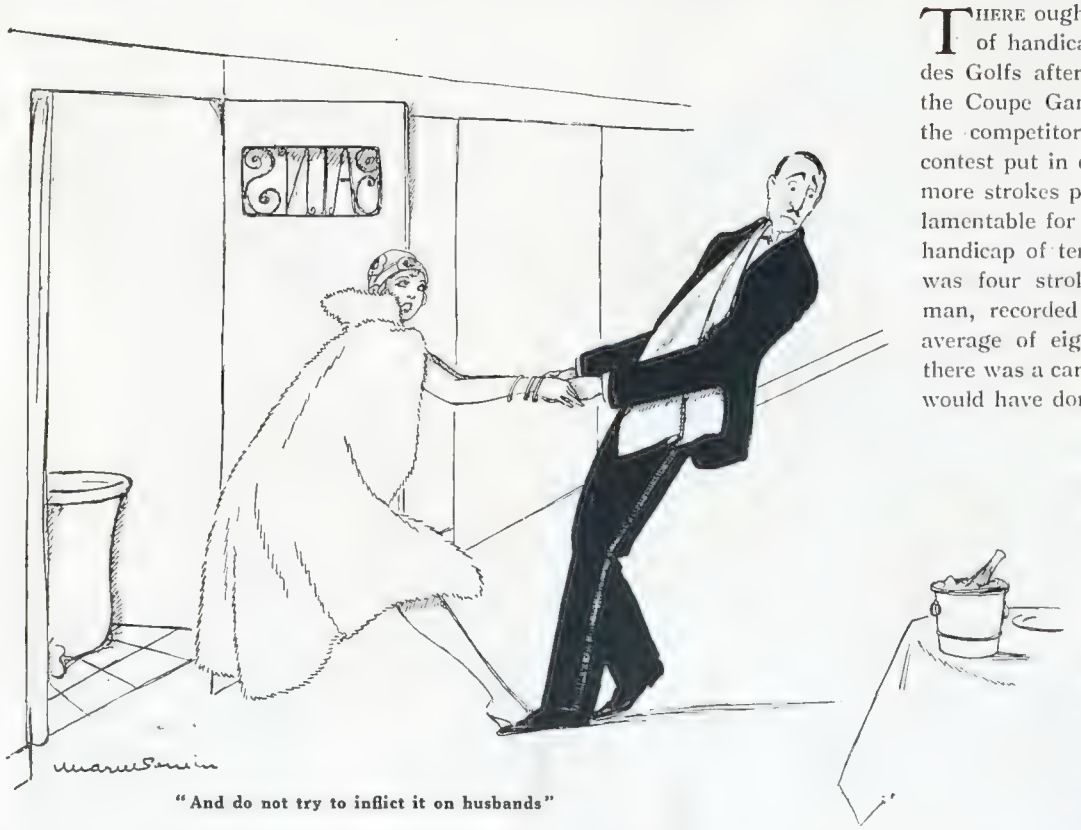


"Those autocrats of the *loge*"

But what I like about this adventure, so typical of thousands of others, is the way in which the cute little artiste outmanœuvred the adversary. She remembered that her cellar was very plentifully stocked with bottles of Evian and Vittel and, determined not to be beaten, she mobilised the whole of her domestic staff to carry up some ten dozen bottles. Whereupon she was able to have her midnight bath after all, and though not as invigorating as a *bain de champagne*, or as skin-caressing as the much-advertised *bain de lait*, it was quite satisfactory for the purpose of coaxing sleep and thoroughly effective for the more important task of outwitting the curmudgeon of a *concierge*.

"She was able to have her midnight bath after all"

Apropos of baths, these now appear to have become an item on the *menu* of some of the *élégantes*. And not merely as *hors-d'œuvre*, but as the *pièce de résistance*. It is not, of course, that they have developed a passion for soap and water, but is part of the all-important process of remaining fashionably *maigre*. Practically any sort of food holding terrors of fattening, some of them are substituting food by a bath, which is "reducing." They are compelled at present, *bien entendu*, to follow this system *chez soi*, but if the *régime* becomes popular it may be expected that the fashionable restaurants will provide *salles de bain* for the ladies while the husbands are left to themselves revelling in the joys of the table.



"And do not try to inflict it on husbands"

I DON'T suppose husbands will see much objection so long as the women confine the treatment to their own sex and do not try to inflict it on husbands, who would much rather be over-fattened than over-bathed. There is always the danger, however, as some folk cannot possibly refrain from trying to "improve" their neighbours. Take the case of the American woman, *par exemple,* who has come to Paris to teach French housewives the "science of the kitchen." It seems to me a pretty high order in audacity. Is there anybody in the world who has ever heard that American cooking is better than, or even the equal of, French?

MOST world-travellers are in the habit of declaring, rightly or wrongly, that American "feeding," particularly in restaurants, is bad. Yet according to our American mentor the French housewife lacks efficiency in the kitchen. One of her arguments is that, whereas an American takes two hundred and twenty-four steps in making a cake, the Frenchwoman takes nearly seven hundred. But what has the number of steps to do with the flavour or the lightness of a cake? If the cook devotes her mind to the counting of her steps it is a hundred to one she will forget to put in the sugar or the raisins.

THIS American super-efficiency is a terrible menace. I suppose the idea must be that the more steps they save in the kitchen, the more they will have to spare for the Charleston and the Black-Bottom. But I think they ought to be content with ruling the dances without seeking to dominate the *cuisine.* The Black-Bottom dance is bad enough, but the black-bottomed cake is a far more disagreeable ordeal. I see no reason why we should have to make burnt offerings to supposed American super-efficiency, and that is certainly what this kitchen-step counting would amount to.

THERE ought to be some overhauling of handicaps by the French Union des Golfs after the pitiful exhibition in the Coupe Ganay. Fifty per cent. of the competitors in this thirty-six-hole contest put in cards averaging ninety or more strokes per round, which is rather lamentable for players with a maximum handicap of ten, while the winner, who was four strokes better than the next man, recorded the far from impressive average of eighty. At the other end there was a card of 102, which the bearer would have done better to lose *en route.*

SOME of the clubs, it appears, chip a few strokes off the handicaps of favoured members on the eve of such national competitions in order to enable them to compete, a system which certainly ought not to be tolerated. One aspirant who was thus able to participate had a handicap of twenty-seven—the starting figure in France—as recently as January last.

IN following a competition like this it is flattering to observe how desperately French golfers strive to appear as English as possible, even to the extent of speaking English among themselves. It is the supreme success to be mistaken for an Englishman on a golf course. So *chic, vous savez.* Quite a nice note in a jealous world, is it not? RENÉ.

"This kitchen step counting"

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Keeping It Dark

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

MRS. BLOTCHET (*after watching a violent drive by her husband during the eclipse of the sun*): "Well, I knew he'd knock a hole in something before he'd finished"

A Sunny National Hunt

Alfieri

LORD and LADY MANTON and the HON. EDWARD PORTMAN (centre)

Quick Pictures

MRS. RALSTON PATRICK and MISS PERRY

Photographs

The HON. MRS. GARLAND EMMET and MR. PEPYS

Sport and General

The HON. MARK WATSON, MISS TENNANT and a FRIEND

Some of those who were present at the recent meeting which was held under National Hunt Rules at Stratford-on-Avon. This racing day

Day at Stratford-on-Avon

Quick Pictures

MISS ISMAY, MISS KELLETT, MRS. PEASE, MR. WYATT, MR. PEASE
CAPT. FOX PITT, MISS FIELDING and MRS. SWINTON

Quick Pictures

MISS LELIA COURAGE

British Illus.

COL. the HON. CHARLES COVENTRY, the HON. MRS. COVENTRY and MISS PAMELA COVENTRY

Alfieri

LADY BRUCE and MISS GREENWELL

in Shakespeare's county was well patronised by competitors as well as by spectators, since there were as many as 140 entries for the six events

Illustrations by LEO CHENEY

THE doctors are always getting alarmed about something. A day or two ago it was white bread, yesterday it was bridge, and to-day it is bones. We are not taking enough care of our bones, the ones inside us, of course, not the ones you rattle together when you are a seaside nigger.

You and I thought that our bones did not matter, especially as now we don't have to ride bone-shakers. There they are, for better or worse, and our only task was to see that they were kept well covered, because skeletons make much an awful row if they slip on a corrugated iron roof. We were dwelling in intellectual darkness in this regard. Bones need food.

Pause for a moment and consider this poem :—

Fee, fo, fi, fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

The day has gone, of course, when the bones of Englishmen were ground down to make bread for giants. You pooh-poohed the idea of such a thing ever having happened, but I never pooh. There is a reason for everything, even poetry.

Why was the giant so keen on the bones of an Englishman? Obviously the English of those days took care of themselves and could put up a good bone for baking. That was something to be proud of.

If giants were to reappear, where would England stand in the bone market? I am very much afraid the foreigner would crowd us out of this just as he has done out of others. I know that I am speculating about impossibilities, but this waggish method is adopted to bring home to you a great truth. Your bones are not what your forefather's were, and for your health's sake you must see to this at once. The remedy is milk.

There will be those among you who will say they are content with their bones, and sooner than adopt a milk diet are willing to degenerate into Boneless Wonders. This is wrong.

Did not Shakespeare say—(the first time I've used him this year)—that the evil that men do lives after them, and that the good is oft interred with their bones? That makes you think. If the good that you have done in this world is going to lie with your bones, the least you can do is to see that your bones are fit for such society.

Did not Mother Hubbard . . . ? Yes, she wants thinking out. We do not know the nature of the bone she hoped to find in the cupboard, but it is certain that it would have been there for the poor dog if the body from which it had been taken had been freely fed with milk.

Where would bone-setters be if mankind generally were to neglect to feed its bones and so have none to break and be reset? How could you feel it in your bones that a certain horse was going to win the Derby if you had not drunk enough milk to give you bones to feel it in? Believe me or not, a little bone-pride is good for a man.

The amount of milk prescribed for each adult is one quart, which is to be regarded as a supplement to your food. How you are going to get it down I cannot say, because one man's milk is another man's poison, but I shall relate my own experiences.

7 a.m. Rise. Gather quart of milk from doorstep and retire to dining-room. At the bottom of a half-pint glass place an insignificant pool of rum. Fill from milk bottle and consume.

7.15 a.m. Bath, taking care not to upset milk in bath and so disappoint bones.

7.30 a.m. Return to dining-room. Procure crystal goblet and tip into it a measure of 1840 brandy. Fill with bone-food and go back to bedroom for physical exercises.

8 a.m. Breakfast. Keep remains of quart of milk for propping newspaper against.

8.30 a.m. Send for tumbler and flask. Put Scotch whisky into both and fill up with milk, which should now be exhausted. Drink contents of tumbler, and put away flask for support at office.

Why do I do this? Why are you going to do it from to-morrow? Because we both want healthy skeletons . . . and I think we're sure to get them. . . . Fairly soon, too.

The only thing I'm scared about is that now somebody may start a Milk Club.

"7 a.m. Rise. Gather quart of milk from doorstep"

The Piano Play's the Thing

Hal Linden

MISS EDYTHE BAKER

Who will appear in C. B. Cochran's new revue, "One Dam Thing After Another," at the London Pavilion this month, is one of the cleverest players of syncopated music to come out of America. She began her stage career in the Ziegfeld Follies

TO-DAY'S THE DAY—

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

The Royal Tournament

LONDON, *May* 9.

DEAR COUSIN—

LIFE'S happier to-day than it ever was, says Mr. H. G. Wells . . . and not so sure I'm not more or less inclined to agree with him, rather, aren't you? Especially having just emerged positively dazed, and, yes! somewhat terribly horrified from a vision of the dark ages of the past. Not so utterly dark, either, really—with heaps of gorgeous uniforms and frocks in them, and beauty, and wit, and real gold—gold in masses of shining ducats and suchlike that people carried about in bags and flung about as largesse, and all that sort of thing. But underneath it all, oh! such awful squalor and cunning and cruelty, and ruthless, brutal ways.

卐

QUITE a relief to sort of wake up and realise it's all over and help yourself to another cigarette and a sip of your nice Niblick—which is the latest cocktail, as introduced to our notice in the new Harwood play, *The Transit of Venus*, at the Ambassadors. After reading, I mean, what started all that nightmare feeling above-mentioned . . . the book everyone's talking about just now, "Jew Süss," by one Feuchtwanger, that Mr. Arnold Bennett went off the deep end about. Translated from the German it is, and all about one of the little eighteenth century states, and its loves and hates and politics, and so on.

卐

TERRIBLY complicated life really seems to have been those days, and not a bit simpler, as people always seem to be trying to tell us about past times. Quite impossible, apparently, to go on being just safe and ordinary and happy. Either you had to work by the sweat of your brow, so to speak, and *then* pay most of what you earned into the coffers of the great, who quite likely kicked and beat you into the bargain, and worse. Or else to intrigue all the time and lie like a Levantine, and generally do dirty work so's to be top dog or a friend of those in high places. And if you were up you hung and flogged and tortured other people, and if you were down, they did ditto to you. Nice crowd, what?

卐

WHILE as for morals—well, seemingly even the very worst sort of farmyard affairs as depicted by our best modern Cowards and Lonsdales, and people'd be a perfect Divinity League compared with them. In fact, quite sure in good Queen Victoria's days *we* shouldn't even have been allowed to *hear* about a book like that, much less get it from

Mister Mudie's libraree—

as W. S. Gilbert called it—which, I think, though, must really have *quite* stopped banning books now, as far as I can see by these presents, to use the ancient phrase or formula.

"People keep telling us we're degenerating"

卐

HOW life's changed—yes, really do rather feel moved to agree with Mr. Wells about its being quite colossally and enormously improved, and at such a galloping pace, too, in the last century and even generation or so. Such lots of people there are, as he remarks, who keep telling us we're degenerating, or words to that effect. And unless we mend our ways and return to mediæval dirt and haphazard, an unrestricted birth-rate, handmade furniture, honest, homely surgery without anæsthetics, a ten-hour day for workmen, and more slapping and snubbing for the young . . . well, there's naught before us (says he cynically smiling) but nervous wreckage, spiritual darkness, and universal cancer.

卐

WHEREAS in very truth and mere matter of fact, all this back-to-nature stuff is simply futile, adds H. G. W., and, do you know? I rather believe him. Tigers lead an unhappy life; if you don't see sick and weak animals around in the jungle it's because they get eaten up, that's all. . . . And same with early man, who had only about two important emotions, viz., hunger and fear, and wasn't in the least bit healthy—in fact, some of the earliest human bones they've ever found 've been analysed or whatever they call it, and diagnosed as simply *full* of disease. . . . And till about the middle of last cent. only just a

(*Continued on page* 280)

"Generally do dirty work"

A Peep at the "Park Lane"

BY HELEN MCKIE

Our artist's impressions of that new and decorative hotel, the Park Lane, in Piccadilly, which recently opened its portals. The ballroom is a most attractive and originally decorated spot, the mirror designs in particular being really beautiful

few people had any of the joy of life, and all the rest, the "common," ones, were "dirty and ignorant, needy and incessantly laborious." . . . And its only quite lately that cruelty's got unpopular, and the actual beating of so-called inferiors has gone out of the mode. . . .

卐

In fact, and to sum up, never, never has there been so great a proportion of joy, happiness, and contentment as there is now, nor so bright an outlook. . . . Loud cheers whereat from the assembled multitude, and, in sooth, methinks, our very far from unworldly Philosopher aforenamed, is somewhere about right, or, anyway, not very far from the mark.

卐

Truly rather refreshing to think on in this merrie month of May, *n'est-ce pas?* Spite of quite impossibly big gas bills and preposterously colossal inc. tax, and suchlike worries, as *e.g.* and further, whether our badges for the Ascot Enclosure will get lost on the way, or the China business upset our shares. . . . To reflect and realise that, after all, and whatever happens, life *is* simply immensely livable, not to say utterly fascinating and delightful, and for just about all of us, too, what's more—instead of just the very extra favoured few.

"Gloriously non-intoxicating cup"

Especially just this particular moment, meseems, when this little Season affair's had such a sort of bright and sunny push-off and all's just now distinctly on the May-ish side, and all for the best in the best of all possibles, etcet. And some such nice amusements around like, for instance, going to the R.A. and watching what people are (1) liking, (2) pretending to like. I mean, *par exemple,* having heard that someone's bought Mrs. Dod Procter's "Morning," or whatever they call it, for the Nation (loud cheers), feel simply compelled, some of the poor dears do, to positively exude intelligent admiration of this rather odd and humpy picture of a lady in a chemise lying on a bed in what looks rather like artificial cinema moonshine (that's what they *really* think about it, you know, if they only rashly confessed their inmost thoughts). And simply don't dare to admit how much, much more, in truth, they love the Cadogan Cowpers, all nice and comfortably velvety and suitable for cover of choc. box or adornment of best villas in Park Lane or Golders Green—tastes whereof are often much the same in the end, you know, though 's true at varying prices.

Also some millions of private dances on—which are likewise amusing in their way, if it's only to see the dear debs. so thoroughly enjoying 'emselves and lapping up every *moment* of the slightly overcrowded orgie of innocent mirth of merriment, complete with ices of many colours and gloriously non-intoxicating cup, and even a white glove or two still surviving here and there, spite of our lamentably negligent fashions here in London Town. And such sweet shows happening at some of the theatres, especially that nice dancing one called *Lady Luck* at the rich and sumptuously new Carlton. Wherein Leslie Henson and Laddie Cliff *and* Phyllis Monkman do some quite pleasant dancing efforts.

卐

Oh! and by the way, and to talk about being happy, isn't it really *rather* lovely having the cheaper taxis these days? Wherein every single moment you feel you're simply coining money instead of spending it, *n'est-ce pas?* Also the dear old Coliseum is adding to our happiness this week, for nearly all the big noises (in more ways than one) of the B.N.O.C., or British National Opera Company, are appearing in excerpts from the operas. Gladys Ancrum, Miriam Licette, Frank Mullings, and Parry Jones are among those present, as we say in wedding reports, so there can be no probable, possible shadow of doubt that aforesaid excerpts will be anything but dull. Good hearing, too, that at long last it will be poss. to get a real honest to goodness drink in the Coliseum, 'stead of the menfolk seeking same having to scrum for it in the neighbouring taverns during the interval. A nasty one for the ignoble army of killjoys—what? And the Royal Tournament starts at Olympia next Thursday week as ever is.

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

Mitchell

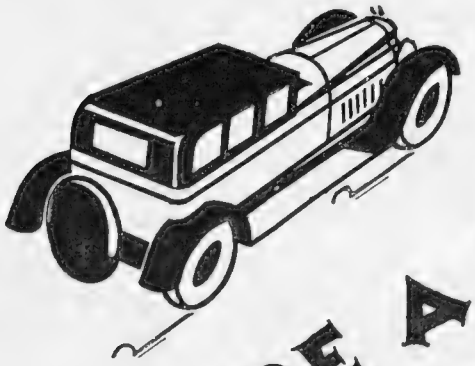
FROM "GAWD'S OWN COUNTRY"

The Yacht Club Boys, whose singing has won them much popularity in America, are making their first European appearance at the Café de Paris, in Coventry Street, this week. They certainly prove sound on the High Cs

---

"Big Drums"

In the third article of the above series of theatrical interviews, which appeared in our issue of February 16, 1927, our contributor attributes to Mr. Herbert Clayton, the well-known theatrical manager, a story to the effect that after he and Mr. Bertram Wallis were chorus boys together in "The Greek Slave," thirty years ago, they were both out of work. They stood on Southsea Downs, the story continues, and sang to an unappreciative audience, but gained popularity and made £100 in nine days by investing in flowers, cigars, and hiring a lorry from which to perform. Mr. Wallis writes denying that he accompanied Mr. Clayton on this venture. As Mr. Wallis has compiled a book of his reminiscences which contains matter differing largely from the above statements, we have pleasure in affording him this opportunity to contradict the story.



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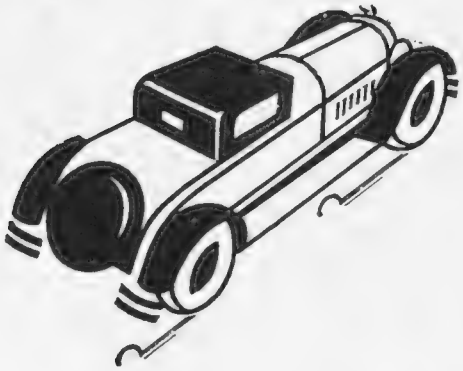
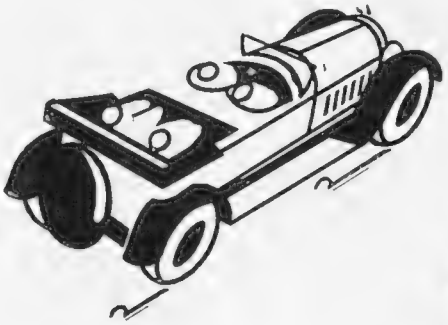
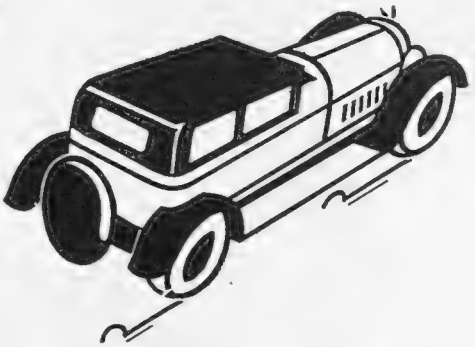


Oil filter, and air cleaner on carburettor—to protect the engine from inner wear.

A wide choice of splendid models — open and closed—in each range. Prices: Chrysler '60' from £380, Chrysler '70' from £505, Chrysler '80' from £868.





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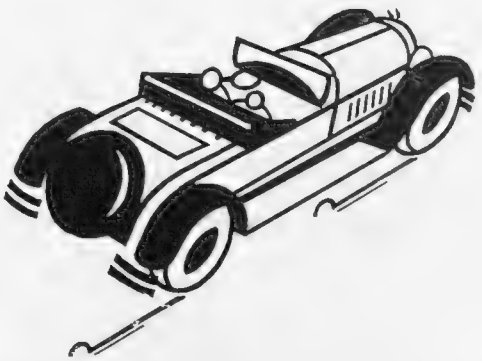


Catalogues from Chrysler Motors Ltd., Kew Gardens, Surrey

May Days and Ways

BEFORE THE BATTLE *Sport and General*

A group of competitors in the Kent Ladies' Championships gives the photographer an opportunity to get his eye in. The Championships were played at Knowle Park, near Sevenoaks

THE WINNER *British Illus.*

Miss Molly Gourlay, the English Lady Champion, in action in the Surrey Ladies' Championship. She beat Miss G. R. Bastin in the final by 4 and 3

British Illus.

"OUT OF BOUNDS"

Competitors in the Surrey Ladies' Championship at West Hill: Miss Bayliss, Miss Betty Gourlay, Mrs. Finlay, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Crombie and Miss Joannides

Sport and General

A MEETING AT STOKE POGES

A photograph of the combined teams in the recent Ladies *versus* Men match, which took place on the Stoke Poges course, Bucks. The result of this meeting was a tie, each side winning 7 matches. It was played under delightful conditions on this Buckinghamshire course, which is officially recognised as the most difficult course in England or Scotland

Sport and General

TWO FINALISTS

Mr. S. H. Fry and Mr. Bernard Drew, winners of the Bath Club Foursomes for the Royal Automobile Club on the Sunningdale course. In the final they beat Buck's by 6 and 4

A COUNTY OCCASION *Topical*

A group of the competitors in the Berks County Ladies' Championship Meeting. This was recently held on the Sonning course

on Course and Court

L.N.A.

MISS JOAN RIDLEY in play

Sport and General

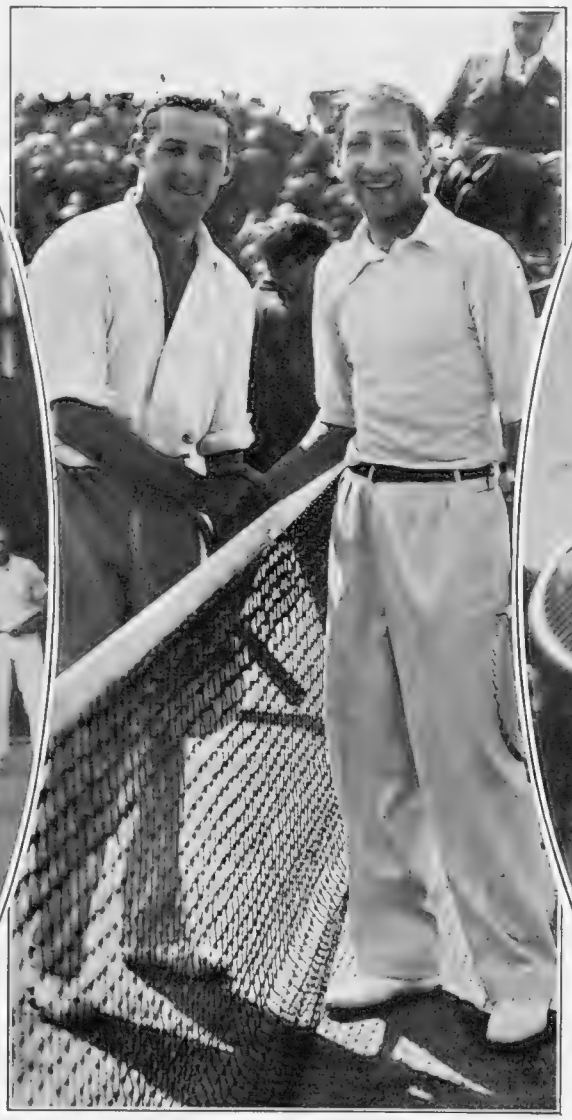
MISS TAPSCOTT favours the bare-legged fashion

L.N.A.

MISS A. E. GOLDSACK and MRS. BEAMISH playing in the Ladies' Doubles

IN EAST ANGLIA

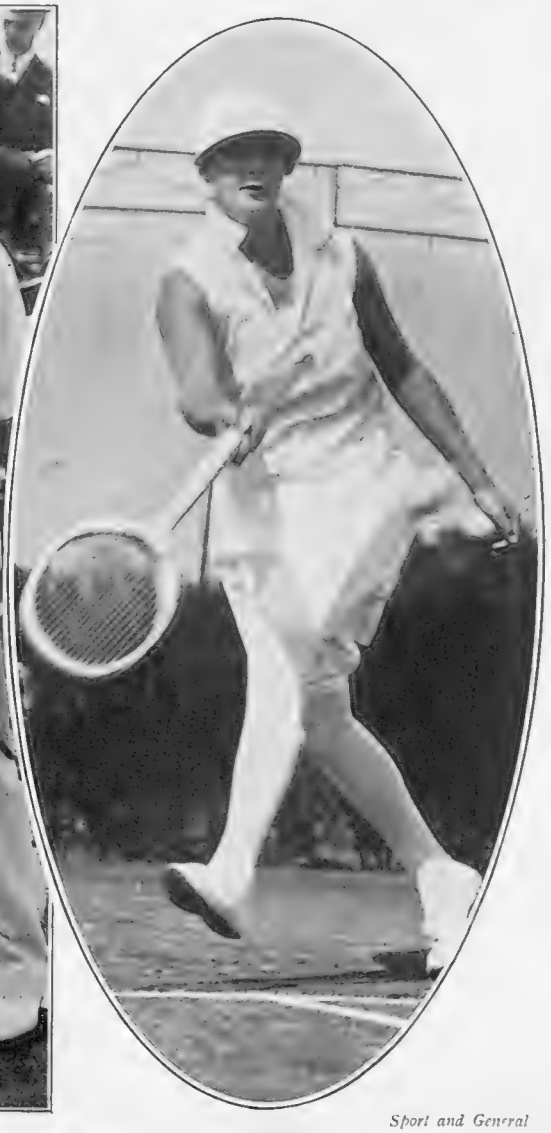
Two snapshots of entrants in the ladies' events at the Felixstowe Spring Lawn Tennis Tournament



Central News

THE NEW HARD COURT CHAMPION

P. D. B. Spence congratulating René Lacoste on his victory in the final of the Men's Singles at the British Hard Courts Championships at Bournemouth. Lacoste's score at the end of the forty-minutes' game was 6—1, 6—2, 6—2

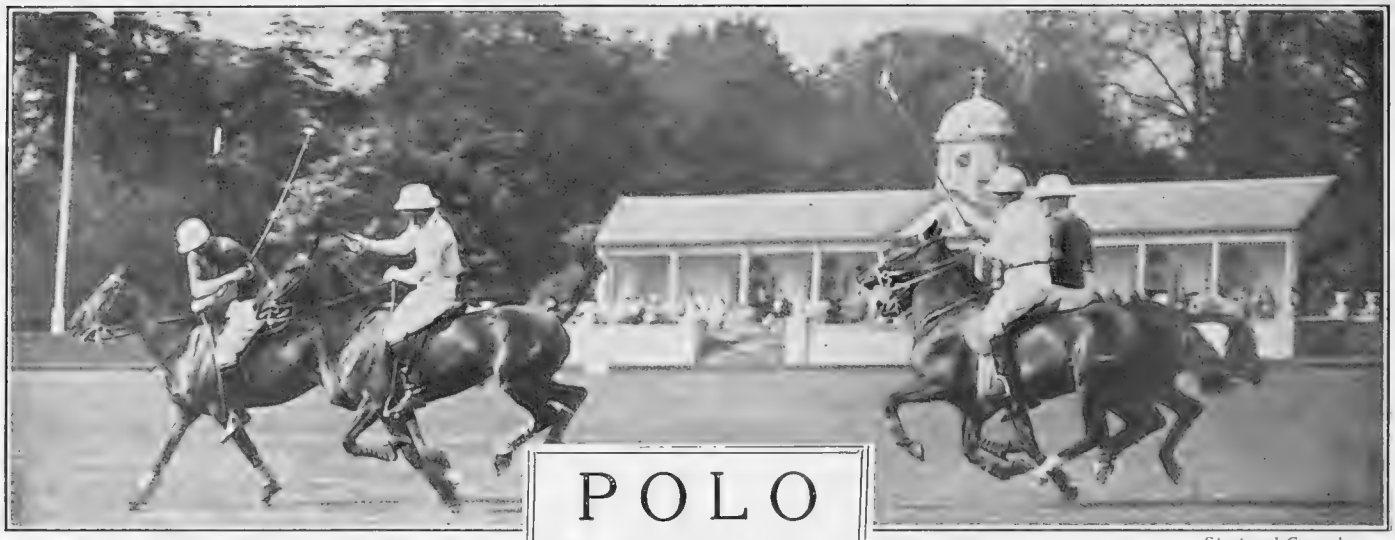


Sport and General

MISS "BOBBIE" HEINE takes a ball on the back line

COLONIAL VISITORS

Two of the South African ladies who have come over to play at Wimbledon photographed while practising at Hurlingham



Sport and General

AT RANELAGH

An incident in the match between "M" Battery R.H.A. and Cowley Wanderers in the Fortnightly Cup Tournament at Ranelagh. The former won 7—1

POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

The Pearsons in Polo

THE late Lord Cowdray's sons have been enthusiastic followers of the galloping game, and the Cowdray team, in which Harold and Clive Pearson figured regularly, were for a number of season's eager contestants in most of the London and county tournaments. Not long ago an accident to Harold Pearson caused him to drop out of active participation in the game for the time being, but he has continued to do good work for polo on the Hurlingham Club Polo Committee. He was one of the promoters of the new grounds at Worcester Park. As I pointed out a week or two ago, these fine grounds are placed at the disposal of the Hurlingham Club at nearly a nominal rental. The new Lord Cowdray has entertained a great many polo players for a number of years past at Cowdray Park for the tournaments which are annually played there in Goodwood week. The grounds of Cowdray are among the best in the country, and it seems a pity they are only used for one week in the season. Lord Cowdray and his brother are the Joint Masters of the fine pack of foxhounds which hunt over the stretch of country formerly covered by the famous Goodwood pack.

Army in India Mounts

LIEUT.-COL. G. DE LA P. BERESFORD, the honorary secretary of the Army in India Polo Team, has kindly sent me a list of the ponies which have come from India. After a period of recuperation at Aldershot these ponies travel across the Atlantic next month, and most of them should be in reasonably good order for the International matches in September. Out of a total of thirty-eight ponies, ten have been lent by the Maharaja of Jodhpore, who was anxious that the team should have the pick of his splendid stud. Two of His Highness's ponies, Brown Eyes and Safety Pin, were played against the American Army two seasons ago, while several of the others were also in England at that time. The chestnut Argentine mare, Rosita, is one of the most famous show ponies in India, and is first class in the game. She is probably the pick of the whole bunch. The Maharaja of Bharatpur has lent two ponies, while the team is indebted to several officers of the Royal Scots Greys for the loan of some promising mounts.

Photopress

LIEUT.-COL. G. DE LA P. BERESFORD

Who has charge of the ponies of the Army in India Team. He is the honorary secretary of the team, and a keen player

Property of the Team

THE good ponies belonging to Major A. H. Williams and Major E. G. Atkinson have been purchased outright for the use of the team, and I expect they will show a good profit when they are eventually put up for sale after the matches at Meadow Brook. Going into the question of the breeding of the Army in India Team's ponies I find that no fewer than sixteen hail from Australia. The qualities of the first-class "Waler" have always been highly appreciated out East. There are ten Indian "country-bred" ponies in the stud. Nine are English ponies, and the remaining three come from the Argentine, including the delightful Rosita. Capt. C. T. I. Roark has been busy at Templeton and elsewhere lately trying out some of the ponies which Capt. the Hon. F. E. Guest is generously placing at his disposal for the coming International matches. I had a glimpse of the Templeton stud last week. They are a grand lot of weight-carriers. At present they are a bit backward in condition, but this is just as it should be, considering that they must be at their best in September.

A Good Beginning

FOLLOWERS of the game cannot complain of the weather which has been associated with the opening of the London season. In past years we have often had to wait several weeks before a start could be made at Hurlingham, Roehampton and Ranelagh, owing to the soft ground. This time, however, the first Monday in May found the turf in excellent trim at the various London clubs. The honour of bringing off the first tournament match of the season fell to Ranelagh, where the opening ties in the Fortnightly Challenge Cup were played in exact accordance with schedule—rather an unusual event in this fickle climate. I understand that the stabling at the London Club is now fully taken up, and there will be plenty of teams for the numerous tournaments which are to be brought off during the next few weeks.

For Men of Moderate Means

IT is often complained that London polo is too expensive for many of those people who wish to take a regular part in the game. I frequently get letters from men inquiring where they can enjoy the game at a reasonable cost. This can be done at several clubs within handy reach of London. The Stoke d'Abernon Club, for example, affords excellent facilities. It lays itself out to cater for men home on leave from abroad who cannot stand the racket of a regular season in London. You can play at Stoke d'Abernon by paying a monthly subscription of two guineas, and, what is more, you can have your ponies stabled, fed, and properly cared for in comfortable quarters near the ground for an inclusive charge of 50s. per week for each pony. This includes the care and cleaning of saddlery. Another club where the game can be played inexpensively is Bordon, Hampshire. Those who would like to join should communicate with Mr. J. R. O'B. Warde, R.A. Mess, Bordon.

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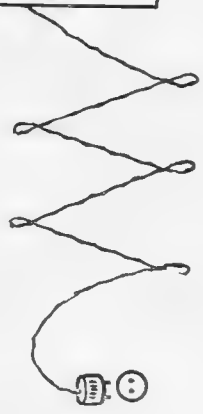

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PLAYING THE GAME

By 'PENDARVES"

THE SPORTING ROUND

ALL wrong that they should be called "All Blacks," as they probably will be throughout the season, since they will live in the virginal white nearly all their summer days. But there is something very attractive and original in the modesty of these New Zealand cricketers who are now amongst us. They say, quite sincerely, that they have "come to learn"; and they speak with very great respect about the Lord's ground of lively old traditions, and of the thrill they look forward to on the galvanic and spectacular Oval territory. They admit to being only "a medium kind of a side"—and that sort of thing: white men evidently. A very young team, too. Nine of them in their twenties, and the youngest, C. E. Merritt, only eighteen, who jumped into sudden fame as a leg-break bowler, and seems to have kept his head all the same! With the exception of the skipper, T. C. Lowry, the Cambridge Blue (brother-in-law of A. P. F. Chapman, England's Captain), none of them has played in England before. They are assured of a very warm welcome in the pavilions and on the boundaries wherever they appear.

Golf at Breakfast

NOT the sort of time when you want to hear a single *word* about what Jones did yesterday at the long 16th, or anything awful of that sort; but certainly the time when you like to prop the paper against the teapot and read "a few earnest words" about your own game. And Abe Mitchell is telling you a thing or two, ably and concisely in less than 100 words, in a daily paper. "Abe Mitchell Day By Day": an excellent idea because of its brevity. The only thing against it is that men at my club have a horrible habit of picking the tongs out of the fireplace, swinging, and then calling me out of my paper with, 'Look, ol' man, would you say I was putting the shot *now*?" . . . ugh!

Golf—Elsewhere

WHAT do you know about this? A three-ball sixsome the other day at West Hill. Men very hot stuff: the three ladies having long handicaps. One lady a steady 36: her partner +2. Their net score for the round is 52. Looking at it another way, they have played "nothing" when they leave the eighth green! They took *all* the money, needless to say. She must be a *very* steady 36. This same lady, on another day, must have wanted to swear horribly. So good was her score that she had won the monthly medal. Her ball lay on the tip of one of the last holes. Her opponent was stymied for her putt and asked her to lift it. She forgot to replace it and putt out. Disqualified in due course. . . . I wonder what she said to *herself* on hearing this verdict?

The Pace of the Pendulum

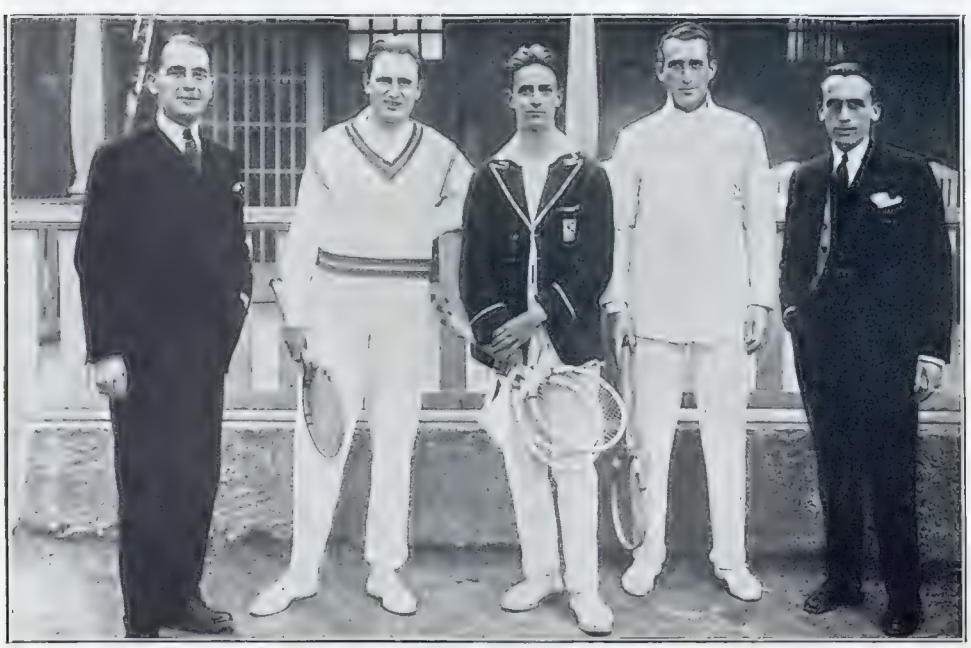
TO watch Reece, or any of these masters of billiards, carrying on—apparently until the week after next—with these pendulum cannons is one of the most boring sights I know. An unfinished break of 3,808, if you please: dead silence: rapt concentration on the part of the spectators: nobody even snoring. The opponent sitting statuesquely aloof in the corner: the monotonous sing-song chant of the marker. No: not for this child. It all seems so dead easy, too. What I have never seen—arriving always too late or too early—is the miraculous (for to all ordinary twenty-five break mortals it is a miracle) manœuvring of the balls *into* that corner. That seems to me to constitute the whole thrill of the game, and its witchcraft. And then, when they have created a new devilry, like this pendulum business, it invariably becomes barred by Authority thereafter. Like W. J. Peall's spot stroke, with the record break of 3,304 at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, in 1890: now broken by Reece's greatest break.

Hare and Hounds

A MECHANICAL hare, real live greyhounds, and very much alive bookmakers. That is the new game that has caught Manchester "right where it lives." Now they have had to limit the number of bookmakers allowed to "practice" (I love that!) on the Bellevue Track, there was such a helofacrowd of them. Naturally: when there is money to be made as rapidly—and as easily—you can imagine there would be a few of the fraternity rolling up. Well, no doubt it is all very merry and bright, and, h'm, profitable. But dogs are sagacious animals, and one asks oneself how long they are going to be deceived by an electrically-propelled wooden hare which is snatched from them down a hole at the last moment? What will happen then—I mean, to the bookies? Because, of course, *we* shall go on paying out in any case. Meanwhile, as soon as a greyhound arrives on the track a minute description of him is taken. It is the old, old story—anything for a quiet little gamble. But with no less than 150 bookies present at Bellevue the other night for the six races, all shouting the very short odds, it can scarcely be called a quiet game.

Cricket's *Vade Mecum*

JOHN WISDEN'S Cricketers' Almanack for 1927 seems bulkier and more informative than ever. But the argumentative cricket-record-man with a memory like "Datas" must not be without it. I always suspect that half these men who sit round cricket pitches and affirm sententiously that it was against Middlesex in 1885 and *not* Sussex in 1888 that "W.G." made 221 not out, have been covertly studying Wisden overnight!



Sport and General

A DAVIS CUP TEAM

The Swiss team which met Austria at Basle in the first round of the Davis Cup. The honours went to Switzerland

"MIXED BATHING"

BY RICK EIMES

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Femina

THE SHORT OF IT

"By CANDIDA"

To Burlington House we all go in these early days of May, whether art (from the academic point of view) attracts us, or whether it doesn't. I always go with the rest, but never till lately have I seen very much of the show. Always there were new Spring hats in the way, always impressive backs, famous backs, and backs up from the country in their best Sundayfied clothes towered above my helpless five foot something, and efficiently screened all I had come to see. If only their looks had matched their inches it might have consoled me for missing the art part of the function!

But this year I've seen all there was to see with comparative ease, and without the usual neck cranings and headaches. It can't be that we are any less crowded than we were. For one picture-gazer of the spacious days there must be at least twenty to-day. But the pictures are no longer seen like patches of sky, so to speak, between forests of sky-scrapers. The picture-gazing public has dwindled in height, dwindled from tall towers of impressive womanhood to a mere five foot something of no impressiveness at all. When I think of the spectator of the spacious days, and how easily one of her would have made ten of this generation; and of the picture hat, plus feathers, that waved on the top of a mountain of hair; and of the skirt that trailed limply on the ground after covering the country of her long, long limbs . . .

When I think of those days—I give thanks. How could we have survived if we hadn't mercifully dwindled? Could we do to-day with legions of those lovely ladies nearly six foot high who looked like tall Madonna lilies as they walked in the Park? And yet, how we admired them! Nothing could happen to England, we felt, with women like these to hand down the traditions; though rumour said then, as it does now, that brains aren't measured by the yard and that a nation of tall women was a nation run to seed.

I'm not congratulating myself and us on the change, for the croakers are at it still, though the young person of the moment looks like a tiny Dresden china shepherdess in a sports suit. "She's no more substance than a pretty scarecrow," so they say, "and no backbone to do anything with but dance; she's got no curves," and curves, so it seems, are essential to the well-being of the next generation. But if she had curves you may be sure that the complaining would be done the other way round. Because blaming the woman is a habit with most men. Adam began it, and he had his excuses, I know. But now it's carried on industriously without them.

Why not? "Women are news," said somebody, and when you've got your paper to fill you can't afford to be too particular. The result is that the woman in the newspapers is no more like the woman in real life than she's like an angel of romance, which is all to the good. Old as the hills she is, and yet ever new, because there's nothing like the comfort of sticking to the ancient ideas; to find in print of a morning the very things one would have thought and said if one had taken the trouble to think at all. The stuff that Adam would have written if there had been a newspaper in the Garden. Of course, women are news. And news they'll remain, so long as newspapers are written by men.

But I'm by no means a superior person. The subject thrills me, too. There's such a lot to be said about it. The things that women do, for instance, and those they don't; the things they might do if they had the chance, and what a shame it is that they haven't! The things they will never do, and why. And how easy it is to find reasons for everything that's happened, or failed to happen! But if you were to ask me why the dignified Juno of yesterday has dwindled to this latter-day pocket Venus, I would admit at once that I haven't the slightest idea. Nor has anyone else. People may have theories about wars, and how they affect the generation that's grown up in times of stress, and how after the Napoleonic wars the sight of a six-footer anywhere in Europe was as rare as a rose in December; but that doesn't explain anything really; because our young men still soar to their usual six foot of muscular beefiness without any difficulty at all. Only our young women remain what the French so charmingly call *mignonne*, in spite of wearing next to nothing in clothes, and leading lives of terrific healthiness.

Perhaps they do it because it's become the fashion. One can't wear skirts that stop at the knees and show most of one's stockings (even with the nicest legs inside them) when the said legs can be measured by the yard. As, obviously, it was impossible to lengthen the skirts, there was nothing for it but to shorten the ladies—which was accordingly done. How? I haven't a notion. But everything is possible to a woman who's made up her mind. When sloping shoulders were "it," no lady of breeding was ever seen without them. When arched eyebrows were the fashion, everybody's grew that way and no other. Nature's extraordinarily docile.

The result is that we've had to reconsider the position. The little lady is no longer called "short," but *petite*, by nice, polite people. Even the dress designers, who live in a realm of their own, inhabited by ideal clothes pegs which have nothing to do with the world we live and move and dress in, have become aware of her existence. She's got a *salon* to herself and a line of her own. She's very important in the scheme of things. And why not?

A RECENT MARRIAGE *Topical*

Mr. Edward Dacre Lacy photographed with his bride, Miss Phyllis Muriel Owens Thurston, after their marriage at Greenford Church, Middlesex. Miss Thurston is the only daughter of Sir George and Lady Thurston and has seven brothers

Lafayette

AT THE RECEPTION

Mr. R. S. Robertson, of Bromley, and his bride, Miss Stella Reed, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Reed, of Gerrard's Cross, photographed after their wedding. The service was held at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

I CONFESS that I have not enjoyed one or two of Mr. Norman Davey's books so much as his first. *The Pilgrim of a Smile* was a very splendid affair. But in his latest, *Babylon and Candlelight* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), he is once again very near to being at his raciest and best. Here there is the quaintest mixture of melodrama and polite farce revolving about a newspaper-commissioned search for sunken treasure. The thing, of course, has been done over and over again, and Mr. Davey knows that it has. Therefore, if he elects to make use of such an ancient theme it must be newly embellished.

And so it is, very charmingly embellished indeed, and on a new model. Nothing is quite what you imagine it is going to be. Neither the people who form the expedition nor the pirates who try to prevent their success, nor even the treasure itself—nothing is ordinary or expected. And all the while Mr. Davey is having the greatest fun, chuckling at these odd creatures of his and enjoying himself hugely. If he kills off his peer you may wonder for a moment whether he had not taken his subject too seriously, but you soon see that it is really in the picture. The cinema may be responsible for very peculiar ideas about "real adventure," but Mr. Davey knows that the cinema is not the best of guides, and he is out to show that even the most heaven-sent director cannot make his puppets dangle as he wishes, away from the camera. They will have an annoying habit of following their own sweet wills. All of which means to say that the book is a whimsical frolic—with just the suspicion of a serious idea lurking somewhere in the background.

❋

THE memoir of *Sir Richard Muir* (Lane: 18*s.* net), written by S. T. Felstead and edited by Lady Muir, differs from most works of the kind. It is not so much a "Life" as the character of a remarkable man revealed through his work. Most men's story, one supposes, could be told in this way, though the results might not always be of any great interest. Muir, however, as Senior Counsel to the Treasury and one of the best known of Old Bailey lawyers, had so much to do with the most famous criminal cases of his time that the memoir reads at once like a history of modern crime and the most exciting kind of detective-story.

It is undeniably intriguing to read how he prepared his cases—how, for instance, he pulled to pieces the story that Crippen, that miserable little fellow, tried to tell; how Whittaker Wright finished his life, and what went on behind the scenes when Hooley and Bottomley and Bevan and the others discovered that even a big financier cannot do everything. It would seem that Muir had a real passion for his work—incidentally, he might have made a first-class detective—but it is for what he did towards placing the Criminal Bar on an equal footing with the other branches of the profession that he may be chiefly remembered. The book is indeed a real revelation of official, as opposed to detective-fictional, methods in the treatment of modern crime, and it is exceedingly good to read.

❋

THERE is a touch of polite impertinence about Mr. Ernest Thesiger's light-hearted volume of reminiscences, *Practically True* (Heinemann: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), but it will not, I fancy, displease his readers. Some of his stories, he admits, have undergone that process of elaboration which stories told many times verbally usually do undergo, but Mr. Thesiger, actor, painter, soldier and embroidery expert, knows how a story ought to be told, and if his own are sometimes a little exaggerated, what matter?

You may take him just as seriously as you please, and in any case he is as amusing off the stage as he is on. At an early age he set out to meet certain interesting people, and succeeded in his quest. He was blown up in the War, nearly losing his hands, but survived to make a name for himself on the stage. His nose causes some people to smile, but Mr. Thesiger himself is fortunately amongst their number. He has many pertinent things to say of the stage and the films, and his book is undeniably entertaining.

The Engineer's Opinion

MR. A. DOBINSON

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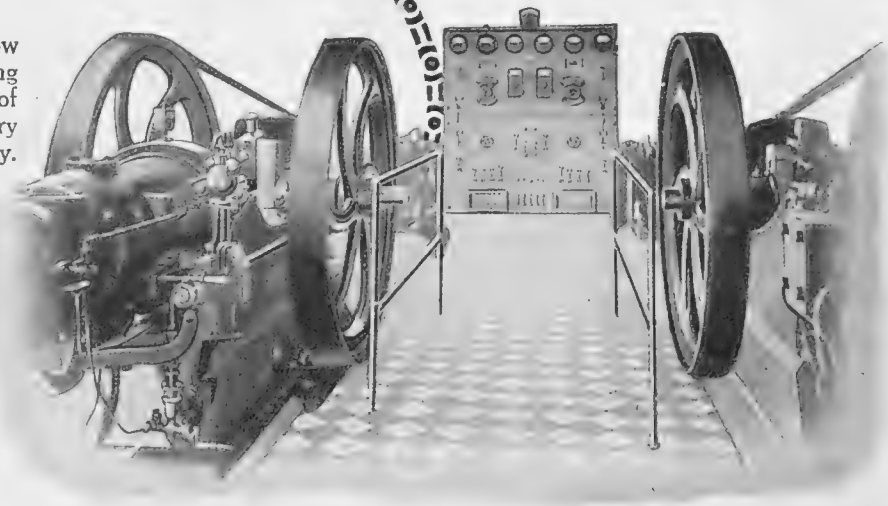

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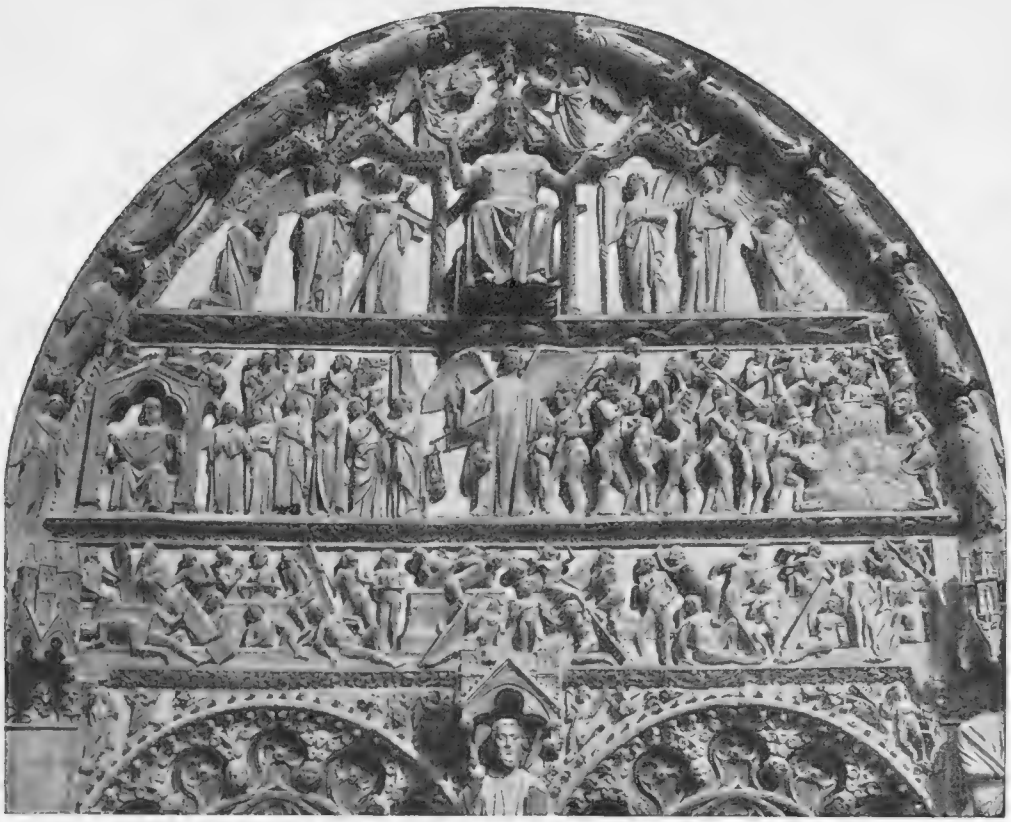

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UNBLOCKING

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THE necessity of getting rid of a card which blocks a suit is a point of play which is often missed even by experienced players. Sometimes it is impossible to get rid of the blocking card, but often by a little ingenuity it can be done. Here are two examples from actual play where the Declarer by unblocking contrived to make game :—

	S.—A, 6. H.—10, 7, 6, 5, 4, 2.	D.—8, 7, 3, 2. C.—6.
S.—K, Q. H.—K, 3. D.—K, Q, J, 9, 4. C.—9, 5, 3, 2.	Y A B Z	S.—J, 9, 8, 3, 2. H.—9, 8. D.—10. C.—J, 10, 8, 7, 4.
	S.—10, 7, 5, 4. H.—A, Q, J.	D.—A, 6, 5. C.—A, K, Q.

Score : Y Z, 18 in first game; A B, nil. Y dealt and said "No bid"; B, "No bid"; Z, "One No-Trump." All passed.

Personally, I think it was unwise of Y not to bid "Two Hearts" over the No-Trumper. But Y was one of those obstinate people who do not believe in taking out a No-Trumper, so I give the bidding as it occurred.

. . . . . .

A led the King of Diamonds, which Z allowed to make, and followed with the Queen, which Z took with the Ace, B discarding the 4 of Clubs.

Z had his contract safe with two Hearts, three Clubs, a Diamond, and a Spade. But this was insufficient for game. The problem was how to make the eighth trick with the 10 of Hearts, as Z's Hearts blocked the suit.

This was how he did it :—

At trick three he led the Ace of Hearts and followed with the Queen, which A was obliged to take.

A could now have circumvented Z by leading Spades, but he did not do so. For one thing, he was not certain that Z held the Jack of Hearts, and for another he thought he should make his Diamonds at once while he was in, as his partner could not put him in on the suit.

So he led out his Diamonds. On the fourth round of Diamonds Z discarded his Jack of Hearts, using the Ace of Spades later as entry for Dummy's suit.

He therefore made game, losing four Diamonds and one Heart.

. . . . . .

The second case was as follows :—Z dealt at love all in the rubber game and bid "One No-Trump." All passed.

	S.—10, 6, 3. H.—10.	D.—9, 7, 6, 5, 3, 2. C.—A, Q, 6.
S.—K, J, 8. H.—J, 7, 6, 5. D.—A. C.—J, 10, 9, 7, 5.	Y A B Z	S.—9, 7, 4, 2. H.—K, Q, 8. D.—K, 8, 4. C.—8, 3, 2.
	S.—A, Q, 5. H.—A, 9, 4, 3, 2.	D.—Q, J, 10. C.—K, 4.

A's lead was the seven of Clubs, which Z took with his King. He had only six "surface" tricks, with the seventh if the King of Spades lay with B. But a better scheme was to establish Diamonds provided he could unblock, his lowest card being higher than Dummy's best.

He started the Diamonds, A winning and continuing Clubs. Dummy went on with the Diamonds. B's King took that trick, and he led his last Club, on which Z threw the *Jack* of Diamonds.

The lead was now in Dummy, and four Diamond tricks followed, which gave the game with one Spade, one Heart, and three Clubs.

At double dummy, of course, B could have defeated the manœuvre.

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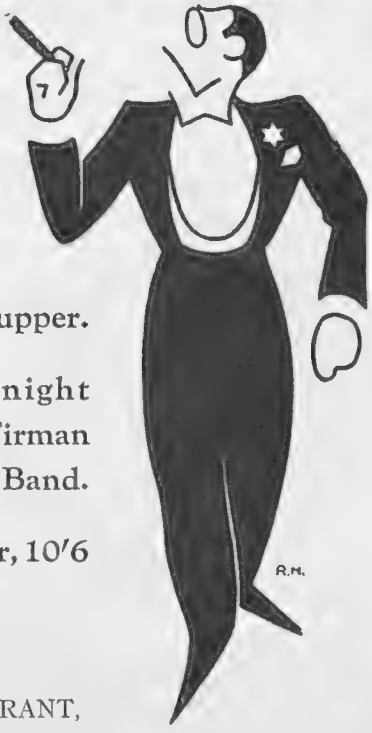

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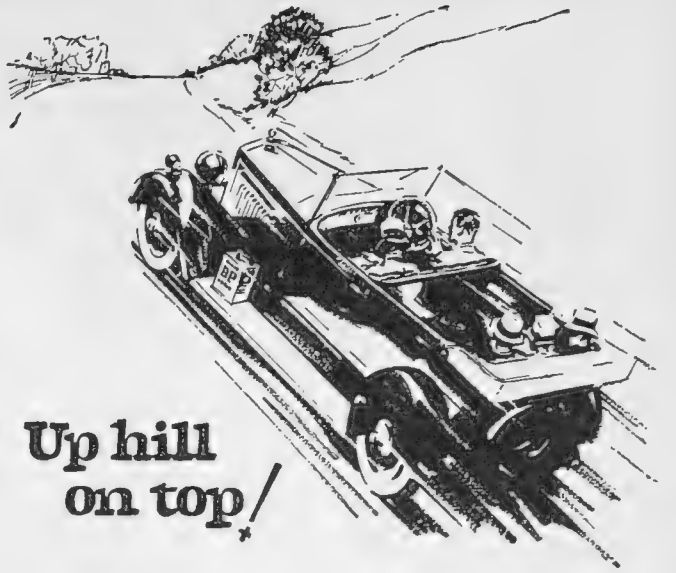

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DOGGY POLITICS

GET AT THE FACTS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THERE are Dog Shows at Bristol and Southsea, among other places, to-day (Wednesday). Bath's Show to-morrow has a big entry. Richmond's Show, always a favourite among Londoners and Home Counties folk, is fixed for Tuesday, July 12, this year.

A mere Kennelman cannot be expected to shine in matters of high policy and governance, and it seems severe to charge him with "heartless neglect of the National Canine Defence League's efforts to save our Dogs from legalised martyrdom." As a fact, these Notes recently advised seekers for information to apply to the N.C.D.L. at Victoria Station House, S.W.1. At the same time, it is but right to say that information should be sought from the Distemper Research Fund at Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.4, of which Sir Theodore Cook, the Editor of *The Field,* writes that it is the immediate duty of all who do not wish its work to cease and over £20,000 of subscriptions to be wasted, to see that Sir Robert Gower's Bill is beaten by the largest possible majority, as it is a measure "which seeks to put an end to our research into the cure and causes of distemper." Sir Theodore adds that the printed papers on the subject are available and free at Windsor House, and should be read and considered "by all who wish to make up their own minds on the present issue, which is entirely a matter of exact knowledge, and not a matter of sensationalism or hysteria." So that's that; and as no intelligent friend of Dogs can desire anything less than complete success for the work of research into the causes and cure of that deadly canine scourge, distemper, the obvious course for all is to obtain and study the facts to be obtained both from Windsor House and the N.C.D.L. Reference may also be made to the R.S.P.C.A. What we Dog-keepers want is not sentimentality or prejudice, but the welfare of Dogs, and, as soon as may be, a trustworthy means of overcoming distemper.

Is it correct, as a reader of these Notes in the Riviera states, that in France no tax is payable for Dogs that are kept chained up? If so, the thing seems a devilish anachronism, and British sympathy will be entirely with this correspondent in suggesting that the owners of chained Dogs ought, in fact, to be mulcted in at least treble ordinary tax.

The organisers of the smaller local Dog Shows would be well advised to encourage in every way—why not by free entry, and the provision of specially marked and honoured benches?—the exhibition of Champions in all breeds, *not for competition.* Mere "pot-hunting" is a very tuppenny pursuit, and nobody wants to see leading Champions discouraging amateurs by grabbing honours that are not really honours at all; but their presence at the lesser Shows, not for competition, has educational value, and is helpful all round. To that end practical encouragement is needed, and should be given. Such animals form real centres of interest and instruction in proving the value of breeding; but specially marked benches are required for them to balance the fact that they carry no prize cards. By the way, the little exhibitions classed as "Sanctions Shows," cheap and easy to organise even in villages, are evening affairs, and must not be opened before 5 p.m., unless on a Saturday, when they may begin at 3.30. (Refer to Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, for authority and information.)

The Editor of THE BYSTANDER offers to readers the sum of £200 for the correct forecast of the two winners of the

£200 DERBY and OAKS "DOUBLE" £200

and the starting price of the winner of the Derby.

CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION

1. Competitors must make each entry on the coupon to be found on page 3 of the cover of this issue.

2. Any number of entries may be made, but each must be sent in on a separate and completely filled-in coupon

3. Coupons must be enclosed in an envelope marked DERBY & OAKS DOUBLE in the top left-hand corner and addressed to The Editor, THE BYSTANDER, 6, Great New Street, E.C.4, and must reach this office not later than the first post on Tuesday, May 31.

4. No alterations may be made on the coupons sent in.

5. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to the Competition will be final, and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to it.

6. The official starting price of the Derby winner will be that returned in the "Racing Calendar."

7 In the event of more than one forecast being correct the prize will be equally divided.

8. If no correct entry is received, the prize will be awarded to the sender of the entry which is most nearly correct in the opinion of the Editor. If this qualification extends to more than one entry, the prize will be equally divided among the senders.

9. No employee (or the relations of any employee) of THE BYSTANDER or its associated papers is eligible for the Competition.

DERBY - JUNE 1.
OAKS - JUNE 3.

CLOSING DATE

TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1927

Central Perthshire Highlands

PITLOCHRY

At the entrance to the Pass of Killiecrankie
Uniquely situated in the midst of the finest scenery of the Scottish Highlands.

18-HOLE GOLF COURSE
PUTTING COURSE

TENNIS and BOWLING
SALMON and TROUT FISHING
MOUNTAINEERING, etc.

SPLENDID HOTELS

For tariffs and accommodation write to the Manager of any of the undernoted—

ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL
FISHER'S HOTEL
MOULIN HOTEL
PITLOCHRY HYDRO HOTEL
SCOTLAND'S HOTEL

Excellent Train Service to Pitlochry by the LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY. Tourist Tickets Daily and Cheap Excursions every Friday during season.

When replying to advertisements please mention

THE BYSTANDER

to ensure prompt attention.

TWO FINGERS OF

STONE'S GINGER WINE

AND FILL UP WITH SODA

Try a Stonoda with a slice of Lemon—it's perfect

Two fingers of Stone's Ginger Wine—and fill up with Soda

No drink comes near the Stonoda as a thirst-quencher for the athlete and for all those who play out-door games. Just the right "kick," just the right "quench." The hot and thirsty can drink and never catch cold. That's the Ginger Wine. Of course, one bottle of Stone's Ginger Wine makes Stonodas galore.

STONODA

STONE'S GINGER WINE AND SODA

STONE'S GINGER WINE
FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.1

Sports People and Their Dogs

IF you want to Purchase, Sell, or Hire good Pedigree Dogs, you cannot do better than to study and use the advertisement columns of *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, which publishes each week a special article by Mr. A. Croxton Smith, the well-known writer, under the heading of "Dogs of the Day."

Advertisers' announcements appearing either under or facing this special article cannot but catch the reader's eye. By following this special page you will be kept in touch with all the best dog fanciers throughout the English-speaking world. Where English-speaking people are to be found so is the *Sporting and Dramatic*.

*Further particulars and rates on application to :—**The Advertisement Manager, The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, 16, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.***

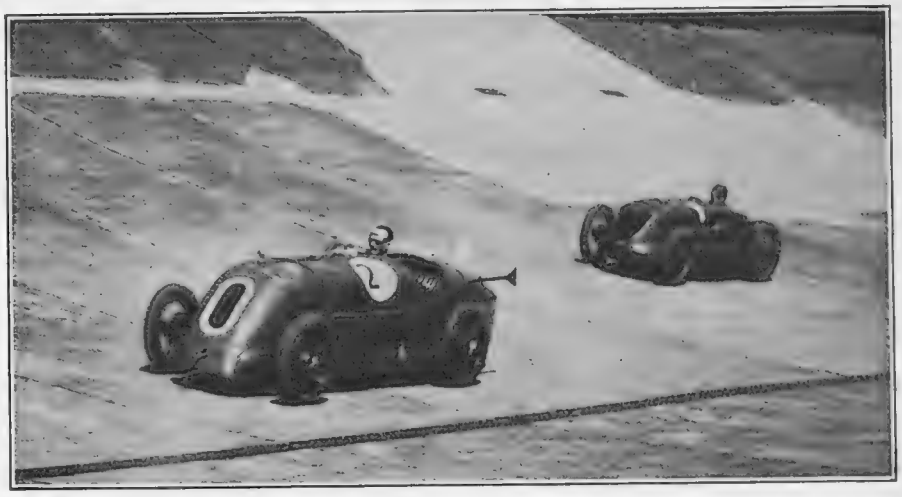
MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

WHILE on a tour of the Midland motor works last week—this is always a splendid time of the season to see them at full blast—I dropped in at the Lanchester place in Birmingham. Armourer Mills, it is called—a romantic name, smacking of mediæval times; it comes, I learn, from the fact that the ground was once sacred to Government armour work. It is, however, a very up-to-date product indeed that comes from Armourer Mills to-day. Amongst the cars undergoing repair in the Service Department was the Duke of York's 40 h.p. Lanchester, and from the number of lights, horns and other trappings thereon I gather that His Royal Highness is a far-gone victim of the gadget fever. He has a 21 h.p. model, too, so that this make is well in Royal favour. The Lanchester people manufacture almost everything themselves, and it was fascinating to see even the springs being hand-made in these works. Each of the leaves, for instance, is ground smooth while lying flat on a steel table which travels to and fro under the grinding wheel. How is the spring leaf induced to lie flat? The table is magnetic, and when the power is turned on it is quite sufficient to flatten out the strongest of spring leaves and keep it "glued to the spot"—only that an electric current of umpteen hundred volts is somewhat more powerful than any adhesive you could buy at a stationer's.

* * *

AMONGST the new coachwork going through the Lanchester shops I was delighted to see a splendid example of advanced all-weather equipment on a 21 h.p. 5-seater open tourer. The quality of the hood and side-screens themselves and the ideas for obtaining a close fit, ease of erection and stowage, and a neat appearance either up or down, were very striking. It always cheers me up to see anything new in the equipment of our open cars, for there is no doubt that, to the great grief of many people, the closed car is fast winning the day. As short a while as three or four years ago the saloon was the luxury model in almost every catalogue. To-day we seem to be approaching the time when that will apply to the touring car. Already there is one make which does not offer a touring car at all in its range and another in which tourer and saloon are sold at the same price. I for one do not look forward to the day when the tourer will be actually more expensive than the saloon, as indeed it threatens to be if something like ninety per cent. of the production of most works is in closed cars.



ON THE TRACK

An incident in the Junior Car Club's Spring Meeting at Brooklands. Mr. A. E. Burt's "Burt Special 5" (right) is seen overhauling Mr. A. B. Maconochie's Bugatti in the Long Handicap

MEANWHILE the neat two-seater is holding its own. Everyone will have noticed how most of the new 1927 Morris tourers to be seen on the road are two-seaters. And when you have driven a two-seater, after a four, you realise that there is much to be said for it. It seems handier: the hood is very easy to put up and down; there is usually only one side-curtain to erect each side, and with the dickey folded down one does not feel, when going out alone or *à deux*, that one is hauling about a lot of empty seats, or that one ought to be taking the Browns or Joneses next door for a joy-ride. That, I am assured quite seriously, is one of several quite strong reasons for the popularity of the two-seater. In addition, one can to-day obtain many excellent hood-and-screen arrangements for the dickey seat, so that occasional passengers need not necessarily be subjected to all the rigours of the British climate.

* * *

I SYMPATHISE with the Triplex Glass people, because their advertising appeal to the public must be based on the most lugubrious aspect

(*Continued on page x*)

THE "BEAN" DOWN UNDER

A Bean "Fourteen" touring car photographed outside the new Australian Federal House of Parliament at Canberra. The Duke of York performed the opening ceremony here on Monday, May 9

A. H. PASS and C. J. JOYCE
Directors, Pass and Joyce, Ltd.

MR PASS and MR JOYCE talk about SUNBEAM PERFORMANCE

Mr. PASS: "I've just been speaking to another Sunbeam enthusiast. Colonel Murray says he's delighted with the new Sixteen Six we supplied."

Mr. JOYCE: "Naturally—it's quite the finest of all high-class cars made to sell at a popular price."

Mr. PASS: "He's tested it over some of the roughest mountain roads of North Wales, and says its performance amazed him."

Mr. JOYCE: "The whole car is a magnificent example of design. In fact, all Sunbeam models represent British motor engineering at its best."

Mr. PASS: "Yes, our Sunbeam buyers are always enthusiastic about the car. And I'm glad to know they are equally complimentary about our service."

WHAT THE PASS AND JOYCE SERVICE ACTUALLY IS

The constant aim of the Pass and Joyce Service is to ensure the complete and lasting satisfaction of every client. We believe that there is no other organisation where the private buyer can deal with such absolute confidence. Among the advantages that we offer are :—

The finest selection of cars in London.
A wide range of high-grade used cars.
Exceptional facilities for Part Exchange deals.
Generous Deferred Payment terms.
Impartial and expert advice on all leading makes of cars.
Specialised experience in Sunbeam, Austin and Standard cars.
Willing and efficient After-Sales interest.

If you are considering the purchase of a car, our knowledge and resources are freely at your disposal.

PASS AND JOYCE LTD

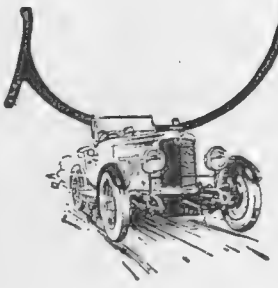
LONDON'S LARGEST MOTOR SHOWROOMS

373-375 EUSTON Rd LONDON N.W.1

NEAR GREAT PORTLAND STREET STATION.

Telephone: Museum 8820 (Private Branch Exchange). Telegrams: "Bestocars, London."

Speed with flexibility and comfort!



WHAT is the practical advantage of high-speed racing to the private motorist? One well-known journal answers this in three words — "The Sunbeam Car."

We would amplify this by saying — The Three-Litre Sunbeam Super-Sports Car. In no other standard model has the knowledge gained through years of racing and research work been utilised to greater advantage. Its qualities are an unassailable combination of speed, flexibility and riding comfort, and it is built throughout with the same careful attention to detail as the remarkable Sunbeam which recently attained the phenomenal speed of over 203 m.p.h.

We will gladly arrange a trial run for you—at your own convenient time and without obligation on your part.

Sunbeam World's Record **203** m.p.h. *(subject to official confirmation)*

3-Litre Sports Model

CHASSIS PRICE	FOUR SEATER	WEYMANN SALOON
£950	£1125	£1250

OTHER MODELS: 16 H.P. TO 35 H.P.
CHASSIS PRICES FROM £425.
DUNLOP TYRES STANDARD.

SUNBEAM

"The Supreme Car."

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
MOORFIELD WORKS - - - - WOLVERHAMPTON.
London Showrooms and Export Department: 12, Princes Street, Hanover Square, W.1.
Manchester Showrooms - - - - - 106, Deansgate.

of motoring—the element of danger and sensationalism. But that does not alter the fact that they have an overwhelming case in favour of their famous product, the glass which will not break or splinter. With the increasing vogue of the closed car the need for unsplinterable glass is more and more urgent. I have before me some figures of accidents, gleaned from an American source where the proportion of closed to open cars is extremely high—as it will be, too, in this country within a short while. Out of 1,000 accidents in 26 States, involving 1,800 motorists, 720 people were injured, and of these 467, or 65 per cent., were cut by glass, the injuries varying from slight cuts to severed jugular veins.

* * *

CAN a company which originally made its name with a cheap car ever recover from the stigma—supposing we call it that? Before the war the Lagonda Company of Staines produced a 10 h.p. coupé at the then amazing price of £150 complete. And a fine little car it was, too; for many of us it was the first real car we were able to afford. After the war this company's policy altered, and they went in for much better and bigger cars. Latterly came the two-litre four-cylinder 14 h.p., to which was added last autumn the six-cylinder. At the time of writing I have not tried either of these cars, but from hearsay and from an examination of them at the works I should say that they are, especially the four-cylinder, quite exceptional for their price. But the prices are high compared with that on which the company made its name, and it will be most interesting to see how they succeed in overcoming this curious obstacle—if indeed it is an obstacle.

OPERA IN THE CAR

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ivan Menzies (Miss Elsie Griffin), who are two of the principals of the D'Oyly Carte Opera (new company) photographed with a Fiat saloon and a Pelican portable wireless set. The first D'Oyly Carte company shortly returns from Canada

* * *

I WENT round the Lagonda works in the company of Captain Donald H. Pearson, the sales manager. He showed me a new form of metal panelling which has enabled them to obtain an absolutely flawless surface for the application of cellulose finish. As is well known, cellulose is very difficult to apply on a surface which has beading or other excrescences; in these latest Lagonda bodies the panelling is cleverly turned over at every edge so that not only is there no beading but there is no joint of any kind visible, and no exposed woodwork. Incidentally, the quality of the cellulose done here is really wonderful.

* * *

WITH May and the Budget . . comes, eventually, too, that buff envelope with its batch of blue forms from the Income-Tax Commissioners. It is not generally known that those who use their cars professionally are entitled to put down a handsome sum in the "Allowances and Reliefs" column on the score of depreciation, *i.e.*, part-loss of the capital invested in the car. E. M. WRIGHT.

Extract from the "Nottingham Evening News" 6th Oct., 1926.

THROUGH WINDSCREEN.

Mishap to a Nottinghamshire Commercial Traveller.

* * *

When negotiating the awkward corner by the "Red House," Hannington, the car swerved and he applied his brakes in order to avoid a steam wagon turning on to the main road. He was successful in avoiding the steam wagon, but the car skidded on to the grass.

Mrs. [redacted] was thrown into the road and Miss [redacted] through the windscreen, which was smashed literally to atoms. The girl sustained several cuts and her left wrist was cut practically to the bone. Mrs [redacted] sustained a severe sprain of her right ankle. A younger girl, who was thrown against the front of the car, had three front teeth knocked out, and the father, Mr. [redacted] was cut in the cheek by a piece of flying glass.

"CUT IN THE CHEEK BY FLYING GLASS."

THE Motor Editor of "*Country Life*" (26-3-27) writes: "As a matter of fact, every man and woman will readily admit that broken glass constitutes the greatest of all motoring risks." Why not eliminate for ever this grave peril to your dear ones by fitting your car with *Triplex* Safety Glass?

Normal orders for *Triplex* can now be dispatched in 7-10 days.

DON'T BE PUT OFF—

Fit "TriplexX" and be Safe

REG'D

THE TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS CO., LTD., 1, ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 *also* THE TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA, INC., 75, WEST ST., NEW YORK

13/6

There's no use talking-

TASTE IT!

Mackinlay's

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland.

Also MACKINLAY'S V.O.B 12/6

CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO., *Distillers,* LEITH.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

The World's Fastest Car used

Wakefield Castrol

—the lubricant chosen by all to whom reliability, efficiency and economy are paramount considerations.

Before sailing for America, Maj. Segrave wrote—

"NEEDLESS TO SAY THERE WAS NEVER ANY DOUBT THAT WE SHOULD USE ANY OTHER OIL."

That Maj. Segrave's faith was well-founded is proved by the unprecedented speed achieved—

207 MILES AN HOUR!

Follow the Experts' lead and the recommendation of over 200 Leading Motor Manufacturers, insist on—

WAKEFIELD Castrol Regd. MOTOR OIL

In Sealed Tins or Drums

From Branded Tanks

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD.
All-British Firm. Specialists in Motor Lubrication
Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

Little Peter Pyrene's Car Fire Talks.

"This FIRE happened miles from anywhere"!

"It left the Motorists stranded, helplessly watching their car burn. Don't *you* risk such unnecessary trouble and expense. Take me with you—then 'we' can put out a FIRE at the start and drive on as though nothing had happened."

Get yours from your Dealer To-day.

Pyrene TRADE MARK
Fire Extinguisher
KILLS FIRE SAVES CAR

Write for Folder "Car Fires Illustrated."

THE PYRENE COMPANY, LTD.,
9, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

Telephone: Victoria 8592 *Telegrams:* Pyrenextin, Sowest, London.

Branches: SHEFFIELD, GLASGOW, BELFAST.

Made in our own London Works.

Buy with this Guarantee Label only.

Keeping in Trim

There is no need to lose charm and daintiness, however strenuous your activities. Women who are renowned for their beauty, lead arduous lives and the secret lies on many dressing tables or in bath rooms. It is the daily use of "4711" Eau de Cologne.

First thing in the morning, they pour a little into the bath, this gives the water that tonal quality which refreshes and invigorates the skin, keeping it wholesome and clean. At other times they never think of washing without a few drops of "4711" being poured in the toilet basin. This not only refreshes the skin but keeps the complexion wonderfully radiant and with a healthy glow.

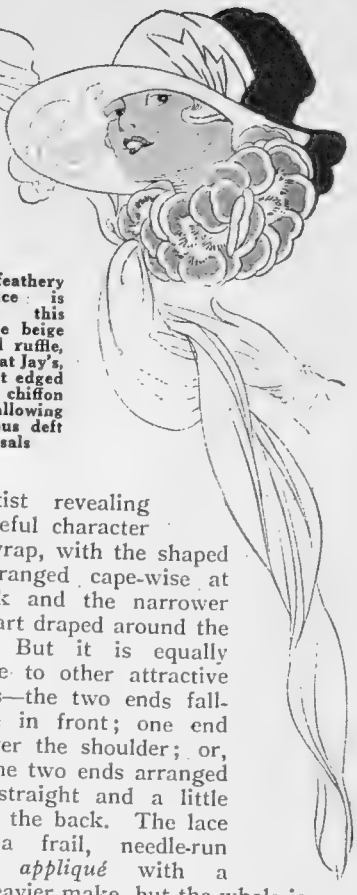
The choice of Eau de Cologne is very important. Always ask for "4711" with the Blue and Gold Label renowned for nearly 150 years for absolute purity, guaranteed strength and unrivalled and lasting fragrance.

Sold by all Dealers in High-Class Perfumes

2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 14/-, 15/-, 30/- and 56/- per bottle.

No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

Fashion's Fancies



A fluffy, feathery appearance is accorded this little pale beige silk petal ruffle, sketched at Jay's, long picot edged ends of chiffon in tone allowing for various deft disposals

ALTHOUGH there is rather a lull in weddings during the merry month of May—superstition still holding sway over prospective brides even in these matter-of-fact days—trousseau preparations are going on apace in representative quarters for the June bride; and anything daintier and more fascinating than the lingerie of to-day it would be impossible to imagine. The up-to-date trousseau must, of course, include a "Lido" suit, in the guise of glorified pyjamas. All sorts and kinds of beautiful materials and expressions are accorded these garments, one charming example comprising peg-top trousers of Italian red satin and jacket of printed *crêpe de Chine*, the red note predominating amidst a *mêlée* of black, green, and blue, and, to complete the scheme, a bunch of woollen flowers was posed on the left shoulder. Black satin and silver and gold embroidery accounted for another effective scheme, distinguished by a particularly pretty *plissé* bell sleeve. But there is positively no end to the original expressions employed in the creation of these essentially modern productions.

Equally adaptable for theatre, dance or dinner wear is this graceful cape, to be found at Jay's, expressed in fine black net appliqué with a bold design in two shades of rose and Autumn tints, relieved by touches of gold and silver

Filmy needle-run grey lace fashions this attractive Summer fantasy, sketched at Jay's, its adaptability to various arrangements further enhancing its charm

A Triple Alliance

LA Mode has spoken emphatically in favour of the triple alliance of hat, handbag, and neck fitment this season, and towards this end has been pleased to evolve several enchanting schemes, which are being interpreted in the best and most attractive manner by Jay's, of Regent Street. It has seldom been the lot of any woman to wear anything prettier or more becoming than a fine lace fantasy to be found here, so deftly arranged that it can be worn in various attractive ways, the expression caught by our artist revealing the graceful character of the wrap, with the shaped ends arranged cape-wise at the back and the narrower centre part draped around the throat. But it is equally amenable to other attractive disposals—the two ends falling free in front; one end flung over the shoulder; or, again, the two ends arranged to fall straight and a little apart at the back. The lace is of a frail, needle-run quality, *appliqué* with a rather heavier make, but the whole is so delightfully soft and *souple* that it drapes beautifully, and, as it is to be had in a soft shade of grey, beige, *bois de rose*, and black, it falls in very agreeably with many an accompanying hat and handbag; or Jay's are prepared to make this lovely lace scarf of theirs to match any scheme. Another charming neck fitment is provided in a little ruffle made of silk rose petals, so soft and fluffy as to present almost the appearance of feathers. Completed by long *picot*-edged ends of chiffon in tone, this ruffle can likewise be arranged in various pleasing ways, the range of colours in which it is to be found including *bois de rose*, orchid, black, grey, blue, and green, and it can also be made to order in any colour to suit any gown. Essentially for evening wear is the elegant black net cape included in our group of illustrations, a lovely thing *appliqué* with a handsome design in two shades of rose and autumn tints, a deep silk fringe finishing the hem. Among a choice selection of handbags distinguished by exquisite taste and workmanship one, in jade silk embroidered in faint apple-greens, pink and silver, stands out as an irresistibly beautiful example of Jay's artistic productions.

Lingerie to Suit All Tastes

WITH a *clientèle* of vast dimensions and catholicity in taste and desires, the ladies' outfitting department at Swan and Edgar's is prepared to meet the demands with a singularly comprehensive and attractive choice in lingerie suitable to all occasions and purses. For young girls with only a very little to spend on such things there is a range of the most fascinating floral *voile* garments, including dainty nighties from 8*s.* 11*d.*, cami-bockers from 6*s.* 11*d.*, and the new three-piece, comprising cami-bockers and petticoat in

one, from 10*s.* 9*d.* And it is necessary to see and handle the pretty garments to realise the supreme value they represent. A feature is being made of *écru* lace as a trimming to delicately coloured *crêpe de Chine* lingerie, the nightdress included in the illustrated group showing a waistcoat effect carried out in fine needle-run *écru* lace—a very charming and original arrangement that bears conclusive evidence of the exclusive doings in Swan and Edgar's ladies' outfitting salons, a further particular interest centring around this dainty nightdress on account of its moderate price of 39*s.* 11*d.* Frills of *écru* lace again adorn the short, gathered legs of the cami-bockers sketched—useful, practical, and pretty things expressed in a good quality *crêpe de Chine* at 18*s.* 11*d.*, the illustrated group concluding with the latest and most attractive example in *crêpe de Chine* pyjama suits at 39*s.* All these garments, and a host more equally attractive styles in *crêpe de Chine* lingerie, are stocked in a good range of dainty colours.

The mirror reflects grey hair and a sad face, both of which will speedily vanish after a systematic application of Facktative—the hair restorer that is *not* a dye

Nature's Remedy

Such is the claim of "Facktative," the wonderful preparation for restoring the natural colour to grey and faded hair without the deleterious results of a dye or stain. For Facktative is a far more scientific production, and can be safely entrusted to bring back the natural colour of the hair, whatever that may have been, after a few weeks' regular application, the pigment cells being stimulated and re-invigorated in order to re-create natural hair. The stainless character of Facktative is testified to by the fact that it will not discolour the scalp, towel, pillow-case, or hands—another incontestable proof being that the same remedy is applied to one and all, no matter what the original colour of the hair may have been. The Facktative Co. do not claim that their carefully and skilfully prepared production can work miracles, but what they do promise for it is that a head of hair which has become grey and faded through age, worry, or ill-health will be restored to its original colour after a regular and systematic treatment. The sole address is 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, whence expert advice can be obtained for the asking. Facktative, by the way, is sold in bottles of one size and one price only, 10*s.* 6*d.*—this being considered a sufficient quantity to bring about the desired result.

The dainty pyjama suit is in a delicate shade of pink crêpe de Chine, trimmed with bands of ivory crêpe, fine écru lace being the decorative relief accorded the nightdress and cami-bockers. Sketched at Swan and Edgar's

Health and Beauty

So inseparable are these two that it is impossible to have one without the other; consequently, nothing can overrate the important service rendered by Eleanor Adair, of 30, Old Bond Street, with her scientific Ganesh treatments and preparations. The test of time has imprinted value upon all her methods that nothing can surpass, and the woman whose face is beginning to show the distressing signs of advancing age should unhesitatingly place herself unreservedly in the capable hands of Mrs. Adair, whose scientific Strapping Muscle Treatment removes tired, unbecoming lines, wrinkles, and double chin, and brings back the pleasing youthful contours that need never have been lost if her various treatments had been sought before the middle-age look crept in. Although, naturally, a faded complexion demands more time and attention bestowed upon it than that of blooming youth, the latter should on no account be neglected. And with the approaching hot, sunny days and the lure of tennis, motoring, and golf, it is more important than ever for the young girl to take proper precautions against sunburn, freckles, and the ills consequent on exposure to burning rays. Again, as the London Season reaches its height, and dancing is the order of the evening hours, it is very necessary to prevent that tired, fagged appearance so prevalent after long hours spent in hot, artificially lighted rooms. Mrs. Adair takes every one of these contingencies into due account, and has scientific preparations to meet all skin troubles, as a visit to 30, Old Bond Street will at once verify. At the same time, realising a great and pressing need, Mrs. Adair is offering a fully equipped, daintily arranged box of her various lotions, tonics, Ganesh Eastern Oil and Cream, priced at one guinea. This will prove a veritable joy to the enthusiastic motorist, who will have at her own finger-ends the means to achieve the desired ends of health and beauty.

A dainty box daintily equipped with Mrs. Adair's exclusive Ganesh preparations especially designed for home treatments

Summer Fashions

All interested in the subject of fashions for the coming season must write to Peter Robinson's, of Oxford Street, W., for their authoritative catalogue. It is really worthy of careful study, and will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that this firm adhere to their policy of offering distinctive fashions at moderate prices. The Inexpensive Sections of the Gown and Mantle departments offer effective proof of sound values combined with good appearance and quality. Here is an instance

FREE
10-Day Tube
Mail the Coupon

Your Teeth made white *glorious, charming!*

—your gums like coral to contrast them

Both come quickly when that dingy film is removed. Please accept a 10-day tube to try.

HERE are beautiful teeth for the asking. Those dazzling clear teeth that add so immeasurably to one's personality and charm.

Millions have found them in this new way. Dental authorities urge it. In a few days you can work a transformation in your mouth. Dull teeth thus are made to glisten. Gums are firmed and given a healthy, coral colour.

Now a test is being offered. Find out what can be done with *your* teeth, quickly, amazingly. Just mail coupon.

Film—that's the trouble

It's been found that dingy teeth come simply from a film that forms on teeth. A stubborn film old-type dentifrices did not successfully clear off. A film that absorbs food discolorations, etc.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel that film now—a slippery coating covering your teeth. Beneath it are the white teeth you envy often in others. It keeps your smile unattractive. It is regarded as the potential cause of most tooth troubles.

Remove that film

Dentists say the way to remove it is with the new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent. All chemists have it. Works wonders on dingy teeth. A 10-day test will be sent free. Send the coupon.

Pepsodent MARK TRADE

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

2017A

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube to THE PEPSODENT COMPANY (Dept. 153), 42, Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S.E.1

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Give full address. Write plainly. Only one tube to a family.

Bystander. 11/5/'27

E. Savage

familiar figure for twenty years at the 'Mitre,' Oxford, says:

"LEA & PERRINS SAUCE, sir—

Why, yes, with the old English roasts and grills we do here, and with fish, too, it goes on the table as a matter of course—always has done. . . The young men here wouldn't think the cooking quite sound without it, you know. And they're particular enough! Old Potter the chef (there must be men all over the world who remember *his* cooking!) used a lot of it in his famous dishes. He thought it

—a really fine sauce"

It betokens your appreciative taste and sound judgment if you insist on Lea and Perrins. Keep it at home, too—1/- & 1/9

of the wonderful value to be obtained in the inexpensive dress department. There are dresses of voile suitable for the matron, with pretty vests and long roll collars, lined to the waist, for 39s.; then for hard wear there are printed Shantung frocks for the same price. Charming capes of reversible Sultan, with ruched collar smartly finished with tassel trimmed with fringe round the hem, are 5½ guineas; while coats of artificial silk which give the much-to-be-desired slim effect to the figure are 6 guineas.

The Care of the Lawn

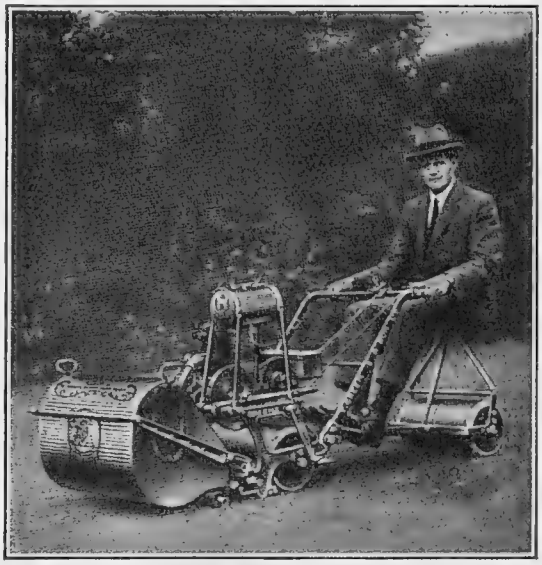
The ninety-years-old firm of Thomas Green & Son, Ltd., of Leeds, are sustaining their reputation as manufacturers of high-grade hand and power motor mowers. Among their hand machines, the "Silens Messor" calls for special attention, a notable point being that the fitting of self-aligning ball bearings in dust-proof houses makes for wonderfully easy travel. The "Silens Messor" is made in three sizes at prices ranging from £12 12s. to £15 15s. Their light motor mowers are also as good as any machine of the sort could possibly be, and are wonderful value at prices ranging from £45 to £90. Of the bigger machines, the 30in. standard model at £185 is a real bargain, being fitted with a water-cooled, twin-cylinder motor and an automatic grass box. A complete illustrated catalogue may be had from Thomas Green & Son, Ltd., Smithfield Iron Works, Leeds, or New Surrey Works, Southwark Street, S.E.1.

A New Pullman Service

From May 16th it will be possible to travel to Vichy by Pullman car in one day. The P.L.M. Railway of France have arranged for this car to run through from Boulogne to Vichy, thus obviating changing in Paris. The service will run in connection with the 9 a.m. service from Victoria, arriving at Vichy at 10.50 p.m.

"The Royal Academy Illustrated, 1927"

This annual has made its appearance simultaneously with the opening of the Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy, and forms an interesting and valuable souvenir. Practically all the well-known artists now exhibiting are represented in its 128 pages of beautiful reproductions, and it should be eagerly sought after. The publishers are Walter Judd, Ltd., 47, Gresham Street, and the price 2s. 6d.



READY FOR ACTION
A motor lawn mower made by Messrs. Thomas Green and Son, Ltd.

Norway Bound

The Orient Line has an attractive programme of summer cruises to Norway and the Northern capitals, and, without doubt, Norway is one of the ideal places of the world for a summer holiday, since there are nearly twenty-four hours of daylight, and the air is so invigorating that physical fatigue is scarcely felt. The scenery is beautiful and varied. Steep, barren mountain sides run down to fertile valleys; waterfalls tumble down the hillsides into swift-running salmon rivers at the foot. Away up in the hills there is a wealth of rainbow-coloured glaciers and blue, frozen lakes, while the roads are good and expeditions easily made. For those who prefer to visit cities the Northern capitals of Europe are ideal. Tallinn, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Bergen are all names that conjure up to the imagination the sagas and mythology of the North. The Orient Pleasure Line takes every trouble in securing the utmost comfort for its passengers, and full particulars of the various tours, commencing in June and ending in early September may be obtained from Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3. An attractive booklet, which graphically describes the scenery of the places visited and gives the time-table.

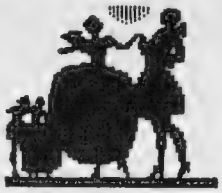
THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
HEAD OFFICES:
45, Dale Street, LIVERPOOL.
155, Leadenhall Street, LONDON, E.C.3
MOTOR INSURANCE A SPECIALITY.
CHIEF ADMINISTRATION
7, Chancery Lane, W.C.2

VISIT
LUCERNE
The Great Sport and Society Centre of Switzerland.
CASINO. GOLF. TENNIS. HORSE SHOWS. REGATTAS.
Information from the GENERAL ENQUIRY OFFICE, LUCERNE.

ROWLAND'S
is an absolute necessity for the HAIR
MACASSAR OIL

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s. sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London.

BEATENBERG NEAR INTERLAKEN.
4000 feet.
GRAND HOTEL VICTORIA
(British Proprietors)
Magnificent situation. Grandiose panorama. 200 beds. Tennis, Orchestra. English Church. Resident Doctor. Hydro attached to Hotel. R. BAEHL, Manager.



"The Very Cream of Society"

Only the Best People took the waters at Hampstead Wells in the sixteen hundreds. There were balls, music, discreet gossip—most discreet—for it was "one of the Politest Public Places in England." And "Polite People" have always favoured the rare perfume of Lavender. Erasmic Old London Lavender brings afresh the sweet scent of fragrant spikes.

Erasmic
Old London Lavender

The Perfume of Great Memories

LAVENDER WATER
TOILET SOAP
COLD CREAM
BATH SALTS

Send 1/- in stamps for a dainty sample box of this lovely Lavender Series. Applicable to the United Kingdom only.

Erasmic Co. Ltd.
Warrington

EL 7-96

The Home Beautiful

COLOURED MADRAS CURTAINS

New Designs, Charming Colours

GUARANTEED UNFADABLE

"Spring Flowers" Curtain, as illustration, in fine quality Madras, cream ground, with rich colourings. Four different treatments, 3 yds. long × 52 ins. wide.

39/6 per pair.

Valance, 14 ins. deep, to match, **2/7½** per yd.

"Sunpruf" Coloured Lace Filet Nets from **1/6½**. A large variety in all colours.

Art Silk Gauze, in various designs and colours, from **3/11½** per yard.

"Sunpruf" Rainbow Art Silk Gauze, 50 ins. wide, **4/11½** per yard.

Coloured Madras in beautiful designs and colours, from **3/9** to **13/9**

Brise Bise in all widths, from **1/2½** per yd.

Vitrages from **1/3½** per yard.

WRITE for our book "The Home Beautiful," fully illustrated, giving all details for the furnishing of the home.

WILLIAMSON & COLE'S Showrooms can be easily reached by Train, Tram, 'Bus or Tube. Seven minutes from Victoria. Book to Clapham Station NOT Clapham Junction.

Williamson & Cole LTD
HIGH STREET CLAPHAM, S.W.4

Be well *all* the time!

THE beneficial effects of an expensive spa cure last for a few months only. A wineglassful of Rubinat-Llorach every morning keeps you *fit and well all the year round.* From the celebrated Pyrenean mountain spring, it is of great value in cases of Gout, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Intestinal troubles. Its action is mild and non-irritant.

Price **1/6, 2/3** and **3/6** *of all Good Chemists & Stores, or*
EVERETT & CO.,
106, Fenchurch St., E.C.3

RUBINAT-LLORACH
NATURAL APERIENT WATER

DO YOU EVER

feel like singing in your bath NO?

Then you should do as Brother John does: use

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR
SOAP

6d. per tablet. Bath Size - 10d. per tablet.

ONE WEEK'S FREE TRIAL

The Proved Successful method of

FIGURE REDUCING

Without Injury.

STOUTNESS, Thick and unsightly Ankles, Double Chin can all be remedied in ideal comfort and without injury by wearing the famous

ROSENBAUM RUBBER REDUCING GARMENTS

made and designed by corset experts who have specialised in these articles for the last 25 years, during which period ***there has never been a complaint made.***

ROSENBAUM Rubber Reducing Corset or Bust Bodice, or both as illustrated, sent on one week's Free Trial on receipt of covering remittance (returned in full if you are not satisfied).

Reducing Corset 50/-
Reducing Bust Bodice .. 25/6

(Both laced at back for adjustment as reduction takes place). Reducing Garments of every kind made to order in a few days.

Write for Catalogue, Post Free.
Visit our Showrooms if you are in London.

Maison **Rosenbaum** *Ltd.*
England's Leading Corsetieres.
(Dept. 2), 466, OXFORD STREET, London, W.1.
For Gentlemen only—(Dept. 2)
14, Hinde Street, Manchester Square, W.1.

EASTBOURNE,
QUEEN'S HOTEL

Facing South and directly overlooking the sea. 200 Rooms, including many
BATHROOM—BEDROOMS and SUITES.
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.

Moderate Charges. Inclusive or a la carte.
EXTENSIVE GARAGE IN HOTEL GROUNDS

Grey Hair

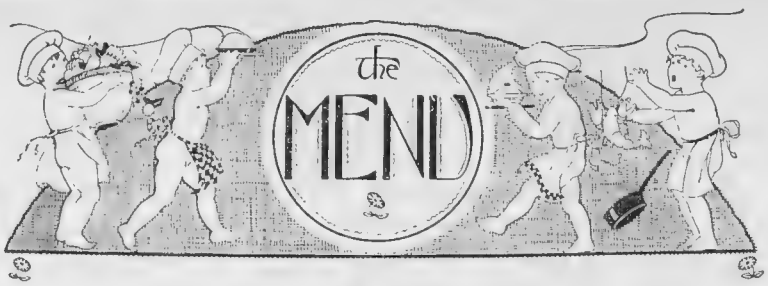
EVAN WILLIAMS
Tunisian Henna

It's safe

ARTISTIC PERSONS

of both sexes are invited to take an intensive course of kinema acting, technique and make-up in the most completely equipped kinema school in London. Agreeable and interesting work. A private interview with our sympathetic principal entails absolutely no obligation. Terms moderate. No other fees or commissions whatsoever. To those unable to call, particulars will be gladly sent.

THE CHELSEA KINEMA SCHOOL,
46, Church Street, Chelsea.
Telephone - - Kensington 0165



SWEETS FOR THE HOME TABLE

PINEAPPLE SPONGE.
CARAMEL MOULD (COLD).
STUFFED BANANAS WITH STRAWBERRY JAM.
CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ.
FRUIT SALAD.

Pineapple Sponge

STRAIN the syrup from a small tin of pineapple chunks and heat it. Place a jam sandwich (medium size) in rather a shallow glass dish, and soak it with the hot syrup. Cover the top of it with jam and sprinkle with desiccated coconut. Arrange the pineapple on the top of the jam and coconut. Whisk up a gill of cream until thick, add to it a little sugar and a few drops of vanilla, put it on the centre of the pineapple, and serve.

Caramel Mould (Cold)

Put 1 oz. of castor sugar into a stewpan with one tablespoonful of water, and allow it to boil quickly until it becomes a dark golden colour. Pour the caramel into a dry tin mould, run in round the mould until thoroughly coated, and allow it to set. Boil one pint and a half of milk, add 1 oz. of castor sugar, some lemon-peel, and 3 oz. of ground rice sprinkled in. Cook for ten minutes; remove the lemon-peel and pour the mixture into the prepared mould. When cold and quite set turn out into a glass or silver dish, when the caramel will form a delicious sauce. Some fancy pastries should be handed with this dish.

Stuffed Bananas with Strawberry Jam

Choose large, good-coloured bananas, wipe them with a cloth, cut off the stems, and split them in halves lengthways. Scoop out carefully the soft portion, and put it in a basin; add to it one gill of strawberry jam, a few drops of lemon-juice, a little castor sugar, and a small wineglassful of Curaçoa. Fill the banana skins with the *purée*, place each two halves together, and tie up neatly with a piece of narrow white or pink ribbon. Dish up neatly and serve.

Chocolate Soufflé

Mix a small tablespoonful of cornflour with a gill of milk, add 2 oz. of white sugar and 2 oz. of butter; stir well till it boils. When cool, stir in the yolks of three eggs and 1 oz. of grated chocolate. Mix all together till quite smooth, beat up the whites to a stiff froth, and stir into the mixture. Put it into a *soufflé* tin and bake in a slow oven for forty minutes.

Fruit Salad

Make a syrup by boiling three-quarters of a pint of water, ½ lb. of castor sugar, and the juice from a tinned pineapple. Put the pineapple in in slices, two oranges in quarters, two bananas cut up, and a few grapes into a bowl, and over all pour the syrup, which must be nearly cold. Whipped cream should be piled on the top.

EMILIA.

THE BYSTANDER

6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C.4. *Telephone* **Central 7511**

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

For 12 months (*Including Christmas Number*)		For 6 months		For 3 months	
U. K.	£3 3 0	U. K.	£1 11 6	U. K.	15s. 0d.
CANADA ..	£3 1 0	CANADA ..	£1 10 6	CANADA ..	15s. 3d.
ABROAD ..	£3 7 6	ABROAD ..	£1 13 0	ABROAD ..	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

Design No. 725716. Patent applied for.

At last a Brassière that gives perfect, natural lines with complete support

Don't hide your imperfections by compressing your bust into a hard, unfeminine shape. Wear a "Kestos" Brassière. Scientifically designed to give a cross pull from the shoulders and an upward lift from the sides, giving complete support and control in medically approved fashion.

Wears and washes splendidly, because the material is double; exquisitely finished and strengthened at all wearing points.

Finest quality crêpe-de-chine, flesh pink ..	18/11
Pure silk crêpe-de-chine, rose pink	13/11
Best quality white Jap silk	8/11

The
KESTOS Regd.
Brassière

From better class stores everywhere, in three sizes.

KESTOS, LTD., SCEPTRE HOUSE, 169 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

A pickle
To tickle
A palate
That's fickle.

BURGESS' "M.M."
BURGESS & SON
(of Anchovy fame)

Get your Grocer or Stores to supply you and you will ask for more.

Cuticura Shaving Stick Produces a Creamy Lasting Lather

It is delicately medicated and contains soothing, emollient properties which make it a necessity for tender-faced men and for those who shave twice daily.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 33, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

☞ **Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.**

HIS GOOD DEED

N.C.C. 119

Issued by THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LTD.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.
REGD No 154011.

Grey Hair

INECTO is the supreme recolourative of grey hair; it reproduces perfectly the natural colour of the hair, and restores the youthful tone and texture; it is no tiresome process, taking but thirty minutes to achieve the desired result. Inecto recolouration is permanent, and the hair may afterwards be permanently or marcel waved.

INECTO

SALONS:

15 North Audley St. *Telephone: Mayfair 3046.*

32 Dover Street *Telephone: Regent 7931.*

LONDON, W.1.

WOMEN TALK

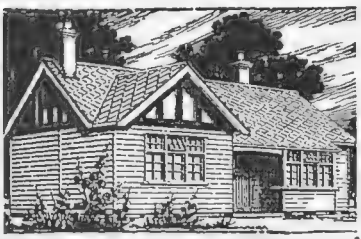
"Dress" is a favourite topic of conversation between women—as it should be. It is the duty of every woman to see that her natural charms are presented in a worthy setting. But to talk of "Dress" is not necessarily to talk of "new dresses." Many women, in such a discussion, give an important place to the advantages of cleaning and dyeing in the "Achille Serre Way."

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office and Works: Hackney Wick, London, E.9

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES ALMOST EVERYWHERE

Q12A



"Complete Satisfaction" with the "COTTABUNGA"

"I am writing to express my complete satisfaction," says one unsolicited testimonial from a delighted "Cottabunga" owner in Guernsey. She continues, *"All have found every comfort and convenience . . . at least 3 housing experts have seen the 'Cottabunga' and expressed approval."*

That speaks for itself. Browne & Lilly "Cottabungas" are well-thought-out buildings, made from the finest seasoned materials, perfectly constructed and fitted, and are erected complete where you will for prices from £416.

Write for 104-page Catalogue No. 102, showing the various types of Browne & Lilly Buildings.

Browne & Lilly Ltd

BETTER-BUILT BUILDINGS

We have particulars of a small Estate of about 16 acres in Devon with Bungalow, Garage, Outbuildings, etc., for Sale Freehold at £1850. Full particulars on request.

Manufacturers and Exporters,

THAMES SIDE, READING

PRICES MODERATE.

35, REGENT HOUSE, 233, REGENT STREET

NATACHA

(Opposite Dickins & Jones.)

SPORTS WEAR. EVENING FROCKS.

ANYTHING MADE TO CUSTOMERS' MEASUREMENTS.

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER

TRADE MARK

MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

If you suffer from ASTHMA, CATARRH or ORDINARY COLDS.

Buy a tin to-day at your chemists.

4s. 6d. a tin.

Carpets cannot be thoroughly freed from dust whilst on the Floor.

CARPETS BEATEN

PATENT STEAM

CARPET BEATING

COMPANY LTD.

196, YORK ROAD, KING'S CROSS, N.7

CARPETS SHAMPOOED. CARPETS DYED.

COLLECTION AND DELIVERY FREE. *Tel. 4280 North (4 lines).*

"PICKFORDS HOLIDAY TOURS"

The most Complete Programme Yet Published.

240 *Pages Illustrated.*

British and Continental Holidays: Cruises: Tours in Canada and U.S.A.

A vacation should not be planned until you have seen this booklet.

Write or call for one to-day.

PICKFORDS, 206A, High Holborn, W.C.1, & Branches.
KEITH PROWSE, 159, New Bond Street, & Branches.

Eat More Custard with stewed rhubarb

Foster Clark's

The Best and Creamiest

"MENE" TOWELS FOR LADIES

ANTISEPTIC ABSORBENT ECONOMICAL
HEALTHY CLEAN COMFORTABLE

Prove our assertion by asking your draper, or writing, Miss Haynes, Dept. P., Robinson & Sons, Ltd., 168 Old Street, London, E.C.1

FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE.

Why go Grey?

HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 2/6 or direct:—

HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

"OLD COMFORT"

We all call him "Old Comfort," although "The Renown" is his official and more dignified title. Visitors to Barkers take to him instinctively, such an atmosphere of sturdiness and ease surrounds him. To sit down and feel the springiness of his double springs, the resiliency of his hair stuffing, the richness of his Damask covering, is to make of him a friend for life. Yes, we're proud of "Old Comfort"—we produce him in our own Factory—we know his pedigree.

Overall depth, 3ft.
Width over arms, 3ft.
Depth of seat, 2ft.

£8 · 10s.

Carriage paid to nearest station in England or Wales

BARKERS

FURNISHING STORE
KENSINGTON, W.8

BFS4A JOHN BARKER & CO. LTD. WESTERN 5432

The Ideal PAIN-RELIEVER

for
HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS
TOOTHACHE
SCIATICA
LUMBAGO
RHEUMATISM
GOUT
and all
NERVE
PAINS

Whenever you are troubled with everyday aches and pains, take two Genasprin tablets in a little water. They will soothe the nerves and banish pain almost instantly.

Moreover, Genasprin is absolutely *pure* and *safe*; that is why doctors and nurses use and prescribe Genasprin as the **ideal pain-reliever.** Follow their wise example, use Genasprin yourself and be on the *safe* side.

GENASPRIN

(The SAFE Brand of Aspirin)

All Chemists sell Genasprin—price 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets.

GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICS.

BY APPOINTMENT

WALPOLES

WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.
89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8
175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1
Established 1766

SHANTUNG SILK WRAPPER

A charming model of great serviceability, perfectly cut on severe tailored lines, with long revers, by our own skilled workers. The "basket of flowers" design is quite exclusive to us. A most striking effect is achieved by the beautiful colours on grounds of Vieux Rose, Lemon, Blue and Black.

49/11

DAINTY BOUDOIR CAP of Silk Crêpe-de-Chine and lace. Sky, Pink and Helio, **8/11**

BABY FROCKS

Our collection is most varied. Each dainty little garment is as perfectly made as though made at home. The prices are quite moderate. An inspection is invited. We Pay Carriage and C.O.D. Fees within the British Isles.

BO 164

and now a "99" Shoe for Ladies

Just "the thing" for Walking, Sports and Country wear. They have the same Patented Sealed Welt as the Men's "99" Footwear; this makes them absolutely waterproof, and does not detract from their smartness. In a rich tasteful shade of Willow Calf. Every lady should have a pair of "99" Shoes in her wardrobe.

30/- Postage 6d.

Send us your size and PAY THE POSTMAN

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W. ABBOTT & SONS LTD. PHIT-EESI

324 OXFORD ST., W. (Next to D. H. Evans Ltd.) | 82 REGENT ST., W. (Nearly opposite Piccadilly Hotel.)

And at all Abbott's Branches.

"Moths! I wish I'd heard of Dymuth before I put these curtains away"

Think what a few tablets of Dymuth will do in your cupboards and wardrobe. No moths, not even a dead one, because no moth will come near Dymuth. No moth will try. Everything you store away with Dymuth is *safe.*

"The Story of a Great Discovery" will be sent free for a postcard. All about Dymuth and the habits of moths.

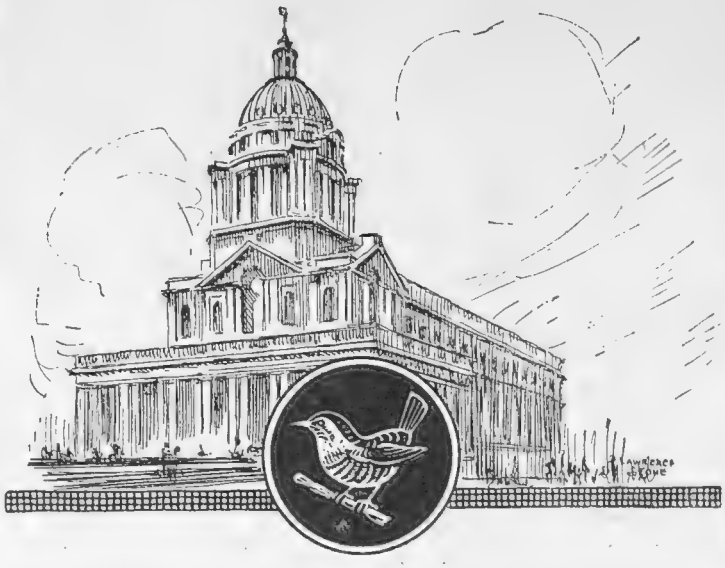
DYMUTH LTD
18 Dymuth House, Matlock, Derbyshire

DYMUTH
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
KILLS MOTHS

1/- for 12 Tablets
From all Chemists

IN THE BOARDROOM
—the big cigarette with the choice flavour
GREYS big 8

CHRISTOPHER WREN 1632—1723



GREENWICH HOSPITAL.
Founded 1694 for the relief of disabled seamen. Designed by Sir Christopher Wren.

In planning Greenwich Hospital, Wren sought to provide comfort and protection for those sailors and ex-naval men who have spent their lives among the waters.

WREN'S Boot Polish provides protection, too. It makes shoe leathers waterproof and preserves their pliability; affording greater comfort to the wearer.

WREN'S is a pure wax shoe dressing which gives a brilliant lasting shine—reflecting its matchless merit.

WREN'S

POLISHES, PROTECTS & PRESERVES

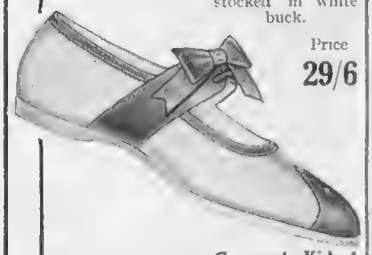
In Tins, Black, Brown, White, Dark Tan and Tony. 2d., 4d., 6d. and 9d. Also as Supreme Creams in the new "CHUBBY" air-tight jars, price 6d.

Wm. WREN & CO., LTD., Northampton.
Also London and Paris.

This advertisement is set in Wren Type

SHOES
For Tennis

Sunburn Canvas 1 bar Shoe, crêpe sole. Also white. In size 3 to 8.
Price **6/11**
Cleaner for same **9d.**



Red and White Tennis Shoe, strap to tie on instep, also stocked in white buck.
Price **29/6**

Caramel Kid 1 bar Tennis Shoe, crêpe sole. Also stocked in Navy, Red, Green.
Price **27/6**

Canvas 1 Bar Shoe *(as sketch)*
Price **10/9**

Fancy Bar Shoe in white Nubuck, suitable for Tennis or Golf.
Price **25/9**

Sandal Shoe for Tennis or Beach wear, crêpe sole.
Price **11/9**
Stocked in white Suède.
Price **18/9**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE-STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON·W.1

(Below) For this oval face Nestlé chose a centre parting with smooth waves framing the brow. (Above) Soft wide waves ripple away from one side into burnished clusters over the ears

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This permanent wave leaves your hair supple and easy to set

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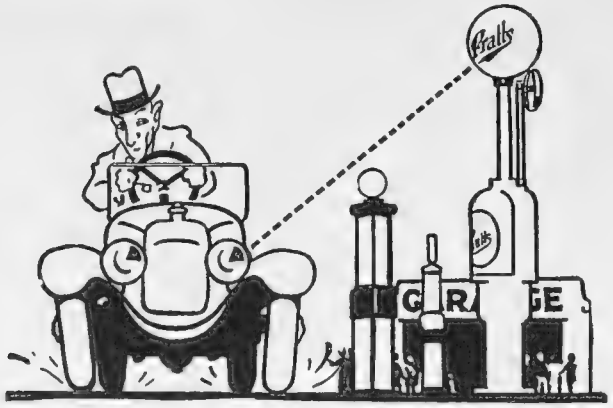

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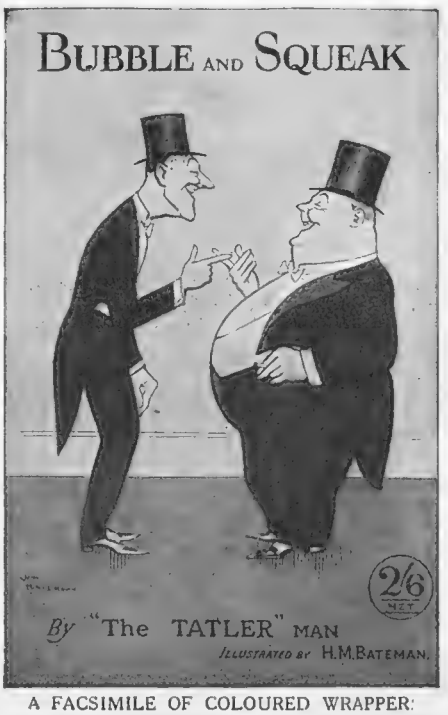

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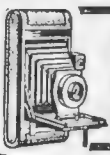

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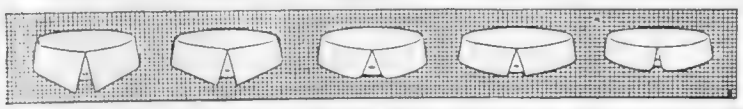

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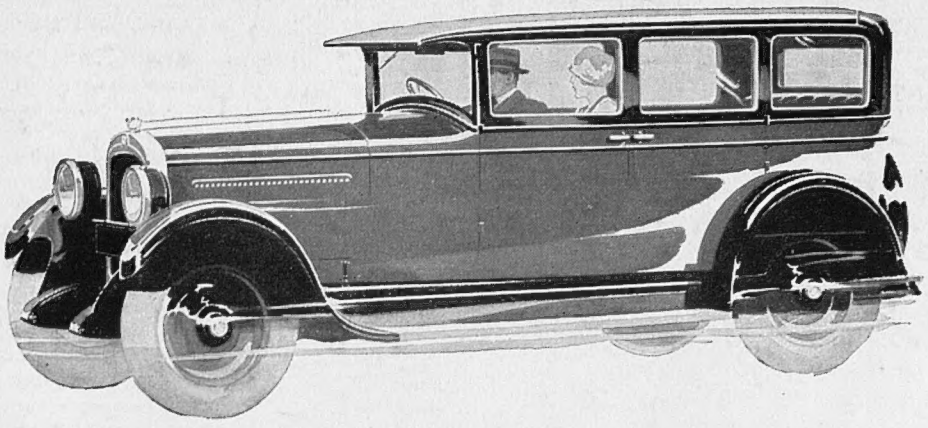

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